F O R U M
and Century

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Fifty Years Of Forum

Editorial Foreword

With this issue The Forum celebrates its golden jubilee. The magazine was founded in 1886 by Isaac L. Rice and ably edited for five years by Lorettus Sutton Metcalf, for a second five years by Walter Hines Page, and later by Mitchell Kennerley and other brilliant editors. In the main the policy of the magazine has been consistent with its title, as a medium for free speech. Ten years ago, in order to define more literally the distinctive function of The Forum, the subtitle was changed from "a magazine of discussion" to "the magazine of controversy."

Controversy

"Controversy" in The Forum sense does not mean brutish mental pugilism. Controversy is the acutest exercise of human intelligence. Controversy recognizes that no truth ever enunciated by the brain of man is forever and inevitably fixed. Controversy admits that the first chapters of Genesis, yes, even the fundamental axioms of Euclid are open to debate. Controversy smiles tolerantly at the word "static." Controversy enjoys light more than heat. Controversy is aware that more than one conclusion is possible and more than two conclusions. Through controversy the human race climbs the levels of civilization, and each resting ledge is a compromise rather than a categorical statement.

Yesterday, in the mail from readers, came this comment on a Forum article:

> To find a navy man openly advocating effective neutrality legislation as Admiral Sims does was so unexpected and stimulating that I think that The Forum should be given the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The surprise of this reader that a hard-boiled navy man could be humane or tolerant or even run the risk of being called liberal or radical was no greater than what was probably experienced once by a subtle and sensitive British writer, Havelock Ellis, on finding his beautiful essay on sex published in The Forum next after a declaration of principles by the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan. But free expression of conviction is the privilege of writers in The Forum. The leader of hundreds of thousands of earnest but no doubt ill-advised Americans was invited to throw back the pillowcase muffling his policies and to state clearly and frankly the philosophy that animated his followers. On quiet examination their program appeared to be similar to that which now actuates Mr. Hitler in Germany.

Some time ago Mussolini sent The Forum his photograph, with the dedication, "To The Forum which in great America carries on the tradition of ancient Rome." That was a notable statement. Our Forum should be as open to earnest conviction as was the forum of the Roman Republic to the controversy of orators, poets, and philosophers. Unhappily Rome today is the seat of propaganda rather than controversy. Our Forum would not today be tol-

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erated in Rome nor in Berlin nor in Moscow nor in Tokyo nor in any community where intelligence is static or held in the vise of politics. On the other hand THE FORUM would open its columns to articles — however displeasing to the Editor — from Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, or the Japanese general staff.

By the candor and frankness of its open book THE FORUM has, we hope, been able to spread many helpful doctrines. At the same time it has afforded an outlet for much pent-up prejudice and suffered it to be cured in debate through exposure to the sunlight of sanity. It is said that, in Hyde Park, London soapbox orators are encouraged to give vent to the most dangerous passions, while the police stand by smiling and permit them to be heard. Yet King George was beloved by even his radical subjects. The Editor of THE FORUM must often behave like the London Bobby.

In 1925 the Catholic controversy was aired in THE FORUM. Can a loyal Roman Catholic, with his allegiance to a church that is over and above and includes the state, be, at the same time, a good American citizen? For years a whispering campaign of criticism of American Catholics had been kept from the public prints. Reputable newspapers refused to admit the existence of this house-to-house controversy. In THE FORUM Michael Williams boldly stepped forward as a defender of the social works and Americanism of American Catholics and challenged their critics to open answer. The challenge was accepted by an American poet of conviction and intelligence, the late John Jay Chapman. The controversy was continued by many able writers for a year in THE FORUM, and included authors of high authority in Rome itself. The problem of the Church and state was freed from secrecy, and became a normal and healthy subject of discussion in the press and at dinner table. Catholic and Protestant alike praised THE FORUM for having cleaned this issue of furtiveness, secretiveness, and pent-up folly and misunderstanding.

BELLES-LETTRES

BUT A MAGAZINE can hardly subsist on controversy alone. THE FORUM has always recognized good writing and given considerable space to fiction, poetry, and literary essays. This anniversary issue contains articles by but a few of the names famous in literature which have relieved the more provocative pages of THE FORUM. Our list of distinguished contributors includes: Willa Cather, Agnes Repplier, Henry Van Dyke, Jules Verne, Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Hardy, Julia Ward Howe, Mary Austin, John Galsworthy, Sara Teasdale, Algernon Swinburne, George Meredith, May Sinclair, John Masefield, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Joseph Hergesheimer, D. H. Lawrence, Lady Gregory, Harriet Monroe, Lord Dunsany, Maurice Maeterlinck, George Santayana, Selma Lagerlöf, Virginia Woolf, Vachel Lindsay, Jack London, Ezra Pound.

FORUM serials have often proved to be not only good literature but best sellers. *The Little French Girl*, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, when it appeared in book form after serialization in THE FORUM, was the best seller of American novels for two consecutive years. Among contemporary writers of biography Emil Ludwig and André Maurois were introduced to American readers in serial form in THE FORUM.

In a world in which freedom of speech is again under attack THE FORUM will continue to present articles that are constructive as well as provocative. In this anniversary number we reprint from a paper of Andrew Carnegie on capital and labor which appeared in the first volume of THE FORUM. The problem he discussed fifty years ago is not yet settled. We shall continue to give a hearing to both capital and labor until a common basis of agreement is reached. Year in and year out we shall discuss the war of intelligence against war. We shall bring the technical problems of science from the laboratory to the layman. New ideas as well as the reinterpretation of old ideas in economics, finance, sociology shall be welcomed. The progress of the struggle of science with the atom shall be recorded. Nor shall we refuse the pages of THE FORUM to those scientists who believe that it is worth while to search for forces behind the electrons in uncharted and hitherto baffling regions of human consciousness.

More and more, we hope, THE FORUM will become a clearing place not only for our best literature but for the convictions of the average reader.

Henry Goddard Leach

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An Employer's View of the Labor Question

by **ANDREW CARNEGIE**

April, 1886

THE STRUGGLE in which labor has been engaged during the past three hundred years, first against authority and then against capital, has been a triumphal march. Victory after victory has been achieved. Down to 1779 the miners of Britain were in a state of serfdom. They "were compelled by law to remain in the pits as long as the owner chose to keep them at work there, and were actually sold as part of the capital invested in the works. If they accepted an engagement elsewhere, their master could always have them fetched back and flogged as thieves for having attempted to rob him of their labor. This law was modified in 1779, but was not repealed till after the Acts passed in 1797 and 1799." Again, in France, as late as 1806, every workman had to procure a license; and in Russia, down to our own days, agricultural laborers were sold with the soil they tilled.

This paper was published in the first volume of THE FORUM'S *existence. Not only is the problem which it treats greater than ever; but the author towered among a generation of towering industrialists — a generation which is supposed to have been singularly unenlightened on labor problems and joyfully to have wielded the mailed fist without benefit even of the traditional velvet glove.*

Consider the change, nay, the revolution! Now the poorest laborer in America or in England, or indeed throughout the civilized world, who can handle a pick or a shovel, stands upon equal terms with the purchaser of his labor. He sells or withholds it as may seem best to him. He negotiates, and thus rises to the dignity of an independent contractor. When he has performed the work he bargained to do, he owes his employer nothing, and is not under any obligation to him. Not only has the laborer conquered his political and personal freedom; he has achieved industrial freedom as well, as far as the law can give it, and he now fronts his master, proclaiming himself his equal under the law.

But, notwithstanding this complete revolution, it is evident that labor and capital have not yet evolved their permanent relations to each other. The present adjustment does not work without friction, and changes must be made before we can have industrial peace. Today we find collisions between these forces, capital and labor, when there should be combination. In our country, labor disputes and strikes were never so numerous as now.

A strike or lockout is, in itself, a ridiculous affair. Whether a failure or a success, it gives no direct proof of its justice or injustice. In this it resembles war between two nations. It is simply a question of strength and endurance between the contestants. The gage of battle or the duel is not more senseless as a means of establishing what is just and fair than an industrial strike or lockout. It would be folly to conclude that we have reached any permanent adjustment between capital and labor until strikes and lockouts are things of the past.

II

AMONG THE expedients suggested for their better reconciliation, the first place must be assigned to the idea of co-operation, or the plan by which the workers are to become part owners in enterprises, and share their fortunes. There is no doubt that if this could be effected it would have the same beneficial effect upon the workmen which the ownership of land has upon the man who has hitherto tilled the land for another. The sense of ownership would make of him more of a man as regards himself,

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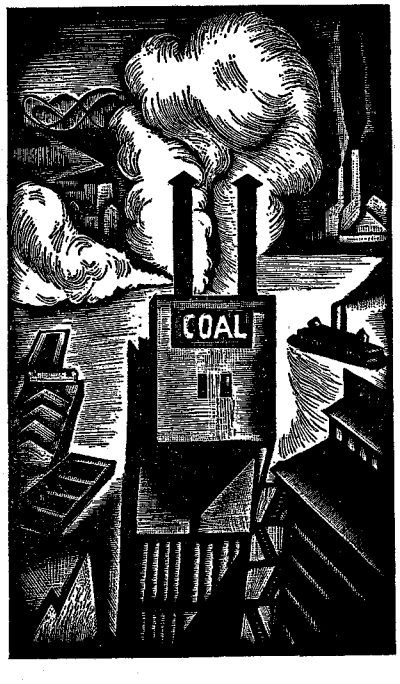
and hence more of a citizen as regards the commonwealth. But we are here met by a difficulty which I confess I have not yet been able to overcome, and which renders me less sanguine than I should like to be in regard to co-operation. The difficulty is this, and it seems to me to be inherent in all gigantic manufacturing, mining and commercial operations. Two men or two combinations of men will erect blast furnaces, iron-mills, cotton-mills or piano manufactories adjoining each other, or engage in shipping or commercial business. They will start with equal capital and credit. Nevertheless one will fail after dragging along a lifeless existence, and pass into the hands of his creditors; while the neighboring mill or business will make a fortune for its owners. Now, the successful manufacturer, dividing every month or every year a proportion of his profits among his workmen, either as a bonus or as dividends upon shares owned by them, will not only have a happy and contented body of operatives, but he will inevitably attract from his rival the very best workmen in every department. Thus unequal business capacity in the management produces unequal results. It will be precisely the same if one of these manufactories belongs to the workmen themselves; but in this case, in the present stage of development of the workmen, the chances of failure will be enormously increased. It is indeed greatly to be doubted whether any body of workmen in the world could today organize and successfully carry on a mining or manufacturing or commercial business in competition with concerns owned by men trained to affairs. There are, of course, a few successful establishments, notably two in France and one in England, which are organized upon the co-operative plan, in which the workmen participate directly in the profits. But these were all created by the present owners, who now generously share the profits with their workmen, and who are making the success of their manufactories upon the co-operative plan the proud work of their lives. What these concerns will become when the genius for affairs is no longer with them to guide, is a matter of grave doubt and, to me, of foreboding. I can, of course, picture in my mind a state of civilization in which the most talented business men shall find their most cherished work in carrying on immense concerns, not primarily for their own personal aggrandizement, but for the good of the masses of workers engaged therein, and their families; but this is only a foreshadowing of a dim and distant future. When a class of such men has been evolved, the problem of capital and labor will be permanently solved to the entire satisfaction of both. But as this manifestly belongs to a future generation, I cannot consider co-operation, or common ownership, as the next immediate step in advance which it is possible for labor to make in its path upward.



The next suggestion is, that peaceful settlement of differences should be reached through arbitration. Here we are upon firmer ground. I would lay it down as a maxim that there is no excuse for a strike or a lockout until arbitration of differences has been offered by one party and refused by the other. No doubt serious trouble attends even arbitration at present, from the difficulty of procuring suitable men to judge intelligently between the disputants. There is a natural disinclination among business men to expose their business to men in whom they have not entire confidence. We lack so far in America a retired class of men of affairs. Our vile practice is to keep on accumulating more dollars until we die. If it were the custom here, as it is in England, for men to withdraw from active business after acquiring a fortune, this class would furnish the proper arbitrators. On the other hand, the ex-presidents of trades-unions, after they have retired from active control, would commend themselves to the manufacturers and to the men as possessed of the necessary technical knowledge, and educated to a point where commercial reasons would not be without their proper weight upon them. I consider that of all the agencies immediately available to prevent wasteful and embittering contests be-

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tween capital and labor, arbitration is the most powerful and most beneficial.

III

THE INFLUENCE of trades-unions upon the relations between the employer and employed has been much discussed. Some establishments in America have refused to recognize the right of the men to form themselves into these unions; although I am not aware that any concern in England would dare to take this position. This policy, however, may be regarded as only a temporary phase of the situation. The right of the workingmen to combine and to form trades-unions is no less sacred than the right of the manufacturer to enter into associations and conferences with his fellows, and it must be sooner or later conceded. Indeed, it gives one but a poor opinion of the American workman if he permits himself to be deprived of a right which his fellow in England has conquered for himself long since. My experience has been that trades-unions upon the whole are beneficial both to labor and to capital. They certainly educate the workingmen, and give them a truer conception of the relations of capital and labor than they could otherwise form. The ablest and best workmen eventually come to the front in these organizations; and it may be laid down as a rule that the more intelligent the workman the fewer the contests with employers. It is not the intelligent workman, who knows that labor without his brother capital is helpless, but the blatant ignorant man, who regards capital as the natural enemy of labor, who does so much to embitter the relations between employer and employed; and the power of this ignorant demagogue arises chiefly from the lack of proper organization among the men through which their real voice can be expressed. This voice will always be found in favor of the judicious and intelligent representative. It is better in the long run for capital to be served by the highest intelligence, and to be made well aware of the fact that it is dealing with men who know what is due to them, both as to treatment and compensation.

One great source of the trouble between employers and employed arises from the fact that the immense establishments of today, in which alone we find serious conflicts between capital and labor, are not managed by their owners, but by salaried officers, who cannot possibly have any permanent interest in the welfare of the working-men. These officials are chiefly anxious to present a satisfactory balance-sheet at the end of the year, that their hundreds of share-holders may receive the usual dividends, and that they may therefore be secure in their positions, and be allowed to manage the business without unpleasant interference either by directors or share-holders. It is notable that bitter strikes seldom occur in small establishments where the owner comes into direct contact with his men, and knows their qualities, their struggles, and their aspirations. It is the chairman, situated hundreds of miles away from his men, who only pays a flying visit to the works and perhaps finds time to walk through the mill or mine once or twice a year, that is chiefly responsible for the disputes which break out at intervals. I have noticed that the manager who confers oftenest with a committee of his leading men has the least trouble with his workmen. Although it may be impracticable for the presidents of these large corporations to know the working-men personally, the manager at the mills, having a committee of his best men to present their suggestions and wishes from time to time, can do much to maintain and strengthen amicable relations if not interfered with from headquarters. I, therefore, recognize in trades-unions, or, better still, in organizations of the men of each establishment, who select representatives to speak for them, a means not of further embittering the relations between employer and employed, but of improving these relations.

Therefore I believe that the next steps in the advance toward permanent, peaceful relations between capital and labor are —

First: A proper organization of the men of every works to be made, by which the natural leaders, the best men, will eventually come to the front and confer freely with the employers.

Second: Peaceful arbitration to be in all cases resorted to for the settlement of differences which the owners and the mill committee cannot themselves adjust in friendly conference.

Third: No interruption ever to occur to the operations of the establishment, since the decision of the arbitrators shall be made to take effect from the date of reference.

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Diplomatic Pay and Clothes

by **MARK TWAIN**

March, 1899

VIENNA, *January 5.* — I find in this morning's papers the statement that the Government of the United States has paid to the two members of the Peace Commission entitled to receive money for their services $100,000 each for their six weeks' work in Paris.

I hope that this is true. I will allow myself the satisfaction of considering that it *is* true, and of treating it as a thing finished and settled.

For a long time we have been reaping damage from a couple of disastrous precedents. One is the precedent of shabby pay to public servants standing for the power and dignity of the Republic in foreign lands: the other is a precedent condemning them to exhibit themselves officially in clothes which are not only without grace or dignity, but are a pretty loud and pious rebuke to the vain and frivolous costumes worn by the other officials. To our day an American ambassador's official costume remains under the reproach of these defects. At a public function in a European court all foreign representatives except ours wear clothes which in some way distinguish them from the unofficial throng, and mark them as standing for their *countries*. But our representative appears in a plain black swallow-tail, which stands for neither country nor people. It has no nationality. It is found in all countries: it is as international as a night-shirt. It has no particular meaning; but our Government tries to give it one: it tries to make it stand for republican simplicity, modesty, and unpretentiousness. Tries, and without doubt fails; for it is not conceivable that this loud ostentation of simplicity deceives any one. The statue that advertises its modesty with a fig-leaf really brings its modesty under suspicion. Worn officially, our nonconforming swallow-tail is a declaration of ungracious independence in the matter of manners, and is uncourteous. It says to all around: "In Rome we do not choose to do as Rome does; we refuse to respect your tastes and your traditions; we make no sacrifices to any one's customs and prejudices; we yield no jot to the courtesies of life; we prefer our manners, and intrude them here."

That is not the true American spirit; and those clothes misrepresent us. When a foreigner comes among us, and trespasses against our customs and our code of manners, we are offended, and justly so; but our Government commands our ambassadors to wear abroad an official dress which is an offence against foreign manners and customs; and the discredit of it falls upon the nation.

We did not dress our public functionaries in undistinguished raiment before Franklin's time; and the change would not have come if he had been an obscurity. But he was such a colossal figure in the world that whatever he did of an unusual nature attracted the world's attention, and became a precedent. In the case of clothes, the next representative after him, and the next, had to imitate it. After that, the thing was custom; and custom is a petrifaction: nothing but dynamite can dislodge it for a century. We imagine that our queer official costumery was deliberately devised to symbolize our republican simplicity, — a quality which we have never possessed, and are too old to acquire now, if we had any use for it or any leaning toward it. But it is not so; there was nothing deliberate about it; it grew naturally and heedlessly out of the precedent set by Franklin.

If it had been an intentional thing, and based upon a principle, it would not have stopped where it did: we should have applied it further. Instead of clothing our admirals and generals, for courts martial and other public functions, in superb dress uniforms blazing with color and

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gold, the Government would put them in swallow-tails and white cravats, and make them look like ambassadors and lackeys. If I am wrong in making Franklin the father of our curious official clothes, it is no matter — he will be able to stand it.

II

It is my opinion — and I make no charge for the suggestion — that, whenever we appoint an ambassador or a minister, we ought to confer upon him the temporary rank of admiral or general, and allow him to wear the corresponding uniform at public functions in foreign countries. I would recommend this for the reason that it is not consonant with the dignity of the United States of America that her representative should appear upon occasions of state in a dress which makes him glaringly conspicuous; and that is what his present undertaker-outfit does when it appears, with its dismal smudge, in the midst of the butterfly splendors of a Continental court. It is a most trying position for a shy man, a modest man, a man accustomed to being like other people. He is the most striking figure present: there is no hiding from the multitudinous eyes. It would be funny, if it were not such a cruel spectacle, to see the hunted creature in his solemn sables scuffling around in that sea of vivid color, like a mislaid Presbyterian in perdition. We are all aware that our representative's dress should not compel too much attention; for anybody but an Indian chief knows that that is a vulgarity. I am saying these things in the interest of our national pride and dignity. Our representative is the flag. He is the Republic. He is the United States of America. And when these embodiments pass by, we do not want them scoffed at: we desire that people shall be obliged to concede that they are worthily clothed, and politely.

Our Government is oddly inconsistent in this matter of official dress. When its representative is a civilian who has not been a soldier, it restricts him to the black swallow-tail and white tie; but if he is a civilian who has been a soldier, it allows him to wear the uniform of his former rank as an official dress. When Gen. Sickles was Minister to Spain, he always wore, when on official duty, the dress uniform of a major-general. When Gen. Grant visited foreign courts, he went handsomely and properly ablaze in the uniform of a full general and was introduced by diplomatic survivals of his own Presidential Administration. The latter, by official necessity, went in the meek and lowly swallow-tail, — a deliciously sarcastic contrast: the one dress representing the honest and honorable dignity of the nation; the other, the cheap hypocrisy of the Republican Simplicity tradition. In Paris our present representative can perform his official functions reputably clothed; for he was an officer in the Civil War. In London our late Ambassador was similarly situated; for he, also, was an officer in the Civil War. But Mr. Choate must represent the Great Republic — even at official breakfasts at seven in the morning — in that same old funny swallow-tail.

Our Government's notions about proprieties of costume are indeed very, very odd — as suggested by that last fact. The swallow-tail is recognized the world over as not wearable in the daytime: it is a night-dress, and a night-dress only, — a night-shirt is not more so. Yet, when our representative makes an official visit in the morning, he is obliged by his Government to go in that night-dress. It makes the very cab-horses laugh.

The truth is, that for a while during the present century, and up to something short of forty years ago, we had a lucid interval, and dropped the Republican Simplicity sham, and dressed our foreign representatives in a handsome and becoming official costume. This was discarded by and by, and the swallow-tail substituted. I believe it is not now known which statesman brought about this change; but we all know that, stupid as he was as to diplomatic proprieties in dress, he would not have sent his daughter to a state ball in a

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corn-shucking costume, nor to a corn-shucking in a state ball costume, to be harshly criticised as an ill-mannered offender against the proprieties of custom in both places. And we know another thing; viz., that he himself would not have wounded the tastes and feelings of a family of mourners by attending a funeral in their house in a costume which was an offence against the dignities and decorum prescribed by tradition and sanctified by custom. Yet that man was so heedless as not to reflect that *all* the social customs of civilized people are entitled to respectful observance, and that no man with a right spirit of courtesy in him ever has any disposition to transgress these customs.

There is still another argument for a rational diplomatic dress — a business argument. We are a trading nation; and our representative is our business agent. If he is respected, esteemed, and liked where he is stationed, he can exercise an influence which can extend our trade and forward our prosperity. A considerable number of his business activities have their field in his social relations; and clothes which do not offend against local manners and customs and prejudices are a valuable part of his equipment in this matter, — would be, if Franklin had died earlier.

III

I HAVE NOT done with gratis suggestions yet. We made a great and valuable advance when we instituted the office of ambassador. That lofty rank endows its possessor with several times as much influence, consideration, and effectiveness as the rank of minister bestows. For the sake of the country's dignity and for the sake of her advantage commercially, we should have ambassadors, not ministers, at the great courts of the world.

But not at present salaries! No: if we are to maintain present salaries, let us make no more ambassadors; and let us unmake those we have already made. The great position, without the means of respectably maintaining it — there could be no wisdom in that. A foreign representative, to be valuable to his country, must be on good terms with the officials of the capital and with the rest of the influential folk. He must mingle with this society: he cannot sit at home — it is not business, it butters no commercial parsnips. He must attend the dinners, banquets, suppers, balls, receptions, and must *return* these hospitalities. He should return as good as he gets, too, for the sake of the dignity of his country, and for the sake of Business. Have we ever had a minister or an ambassador who could do this on his salary? No — not once, from Franklin's time to ours. Other countries understand the commercial value of properly lining the pockets of their representatives; but apparently our Government has not learned it.

English ambassadors pay no house-rent; they live in palaces owned by England. Our representatives pay house-rent out of their salaries. There is not a salary in our list which would properly house the representative receiving it, and, in addition, pay $3,000 toward his family's bacon and doughnuts, — the strange but economical and customary fare of the American Ambassador's household, except on Sundays, when petrified Boston crackers are added.

Our foreign representatives have been accustomed to live in garrets, — sometimes on the roof. Still, it was their official duty to entertain the influentials after some sort of fashion; and they did the best they could with their limited purse. In return for champagne they furnished lemonade; in return for game they furnished ham; in return for whale they furnished sardines; in return for liquors they furnished condensed milk; in return for the battalion of liveried and powdered flunkeys they furnished the hired girl; in return for the fairy wilderness of sumptuous decorations they draped the stove with the American flag; in return for the orchestra they furnished zither and ballads by the family; in return for the ball — but they didn't return the ball, except in cases where the United States lived on the roof and had room.

Is this an exaggeration? It can hardly be called that. I saw nearly the equivalent of it once, a good many years ago. A minister was trying to create influential friends for a project which might be worth ten millions a year to the agriculturists of the Republic; and our Government had furnished him ham and lemonade to persuade the opposition with. The minister did not succeed.

Any experienced "drummer" will testify that, when you want to do business, there is no economy in ham and lemonade. The drummer takes his country customer to the theatre,

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the opera, the circus; dines him, wines him, entertains him all the day and all the night in luxurious style; and plays upon his human nature in all seductive ways. He has his reward. All Governments except our own play the same policy, with the same end in view; and they, also, have their reward. But ours refuses to do business by business ways, and sticks to ham and lemonade. This is the most expensive diet known to the diplomatic service.

When a young girl reaches eighteen she is recognized as being a woman. She adds six inches to her skirt, she unplaits her dangling braids and balls her hair on top of her head, she stops sleeping with her little sister and has a room to herself, and becomes in many ways a thundering expense. But she is in society now; and papa has to stand it: there is no avoiding it. Very well. The Great Republic lengthened her skirts last year, balled up her hair, and entered the world's society. This means that, if she would prosper and stand fair with society, she must put aside some of her dearest and darlingest young ways and superstitions, and do as society does. Of course she can decline if she wants to; but this would be unwise. She ought to realize, now that she has "come out," that this is a right and proper time to change a part of her style. She is in Rome; and it has long been granted that when one is in Rome it is good policy to do as Rome does.

IV

P. S. VIENNA, *January 10.* — I see, by this morning's telegraphic news, that I am not to be the new ambassador here, after all. This — well, I hardly know what to say. I — well, of course I do not care anything about it; but it is at least a surprise. I have for many months been using my influence at Washington to get this diplomatic see expanded into an ambassadorship, with the idea, of course, th— But never mind. Let it go. It is of no consequence. I say it calmly; for I am calm. But at the same time — However, the subject has no interest for me, and never had. I never really intended to take the place, anyway — I made up my mind to it months and months ago, nearly a year. But now, while I am calm, I would like to say this — that, so long as I shall continue to possess an American's proper pride in the honor and dignity of his country, I will not take any ambassadorship in the gift of the flag at a salary short of $75,000 a year.

The Literature of the Future

***by* PIERRE LOTI**

October, 1892

AMONG THE questions the importance of which no one understands very clearly there is one, I am told, that is put as often as any, not only to writers and artists, but to every one and by every one: What will be the literature of the future?

For the past few years the cry has been repeated in every key, "Naturalism is dead." But did it ever really live? The school has undoubtedly created a stir, and it has been very much talked about. But has it ever found real friends? We paid altogether too dear for the amount of truth it had to offer when we obtained it at the price of accepting the works in which it gloried. If some writers of this school have by their merits, and in spite of all obstacles acquired great repute, it is because they have possessed qualities almost in con-

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tradiction to the principles that the school professed. As for the crowd of poor little disciples that applied conscientiously the theories their masters preached, I do not believe there ever were writers that produced weariness and disgust more surely and more speedily. There is hardly a work of theirs that you do not wish to throw aside after reading the first few pages. With the imitators of other schools, if you are bored by their works, too, you at least need not lose your self-respect because you keep their books in your hand and let your eye glance over their pages; if they do not charm you, they certainly will not hurt you, and that is something after all.

Naturalism could not live. It seems that after its first triumph its generals and its soldiers were dispersed, and the most talented of those that succeeded in the beginning must have been the first to flee from it, or rather must have been the first to be converted to something broader, something more lofty, more inspiring. Now we have surely ceased crossing this lake of troubled and unwholesome waters. Ah, yes, there are in the world plague spots, and slime, and malevolent beasts, and loathsome weeds. But go forward a few steps, and you will find yourself in the wide, sweet-scented plain close by waving forests. Go forward still a little farther, and you will be on the vast shores where the purifying oceans come to die. And if you look at men with pity, you will at once find brothers on every side. There is more life, more nature and truth, in all this than in the scandals in which you have too long taken delight.

You wish to soil with mire the ridiculous yet touching little heaven of blue pasteboard, toward which, you say, the poor faded eyes of aged spinsters have too often been raised. I doubt if this be a laudable task. However, it is done. Let us not restore, if you do not like it, the little heaven with its gilt-paper stars, but let us not go back to the swamps where there has already been too much wallowing in the mud. And would that it could be said that what has been called naturalism is really dead!

Pierre Loti's imaginative romantic novels put him squarely, as he indicates in this article, in opposition to the coarse interpretation of life embraced by the French naturalists. That the literary cycle, from lush romanticism to starkest realism, is recurrent we all know; and Loti here states some of the essentials of enduring literary merit, regardless of fashion — as the Editor, in his December editorial ("New Deal in Fiction"), asked that we get back to base in the modern short story and moderate our shrieking enthusiasm for the candid camera.

II

If a man believes that he has some talent for writing, it is indeed strange that he can allow himself to be directed by a master or by the rule of any school, no matter how great the master may be or how skilfully devised the rule may seem. It is all very well not to call one's self a naturalist; but why call one's self anything else? In the first place, is it possible for a writer, no matter how much he may wish to believe it, to belong to any particular school? No, and very fortunately, it seems to me. A human being, whatever his quality may be, is, upon close examination, seen to be a very mysterious and a very complex creature, compared with which even the most subtle ideas are only very slight, very simple, and very elementary products. To allow one's self to be warped, then; to subject one's own nature even to the laws of æsthetics, which are claimed to be the broadest and the most plastic of laws, is equivalent to annihilating part of one's own individuality. Imagine what will happen if these rules are petty, narrow, and uncompromising.

It seems to me that the only way to judge a work of art is spontaneously; by the intensity as well as by the kind of emotion it excites.

To excite an emotion, it seems to me, ought to be the object of every work of art. Different arts produce their effects by different means, but sometimes the means are strangely confounded, and this serves admirably to prove the close, the mysterious, the unaccountable kinship that unites creative artists, whatever may be the art of which they are masters. But if you consider for a moment the literary art stripped of all those ingraftments it has had to suffer, if you wish to see it as a tree of natural growth, with all the purity of its essential and primordial perfume, you will, in my opinion, have to conclude that it must reach the common goal of all the arts precisely by the expression of emotion, that is to say, by exciting emotion.

As for the theorists that claim it should be a "copy of life," that it should show us "a

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slice of reality," and a bleeding slice at that, I will say, in the first place, they use expressions that are decidedly not nice, and then, too, I will take pains to ask if they are not condemned by the meaning of these very expressions. When we use the word "copyist" we mean "imitator," and when we speak of a "bleeding slice" we suggest the idea of death — of recent death, if you prefer it — but certainly of a thing or a being that is inert, lifeless. This is not art, since there is nothing creative, nothing vital in it. I know that some writers, holding to the most untenable theories, can produce very artistic works, just as some writers can achieve nothing of merit even when they follow the best-established principles. All this proves that there is often very little connection between the mysterious and all-powerful basis of our natures and the poor little uncertain laws our minds try to formulate.

III

It is clear that the task of the writer is vast, that it is absolutely without limit, inasmuch as nothing exists in life that cannot move our feelings. It is, therefore, the faculties of sensibility that create personality in the artist; and the more numerous, the more profound, the more developed, and at the same time the finer, the keener these faculties are, the stronger personality will be. But when personality is created, or in other words, when the inner life becomes intense enough to penetrate more and more the outer life and to absorb it into itself, how can and how ought this personality to manifest itself?

In my opinion the answer is, after all, very simple; the writer should do what he wishes to do, and do it in his own way, obeying only the all-powerful impulse that he has felt rising from the depths of his nature, without accepting any other judge than the wholly spontaneous impression his own work gives him. What an author has written in this way, whether it be memoir, phantasy, romance, drama, poem, or any other name you please, whether it can or cannot be put into a school catalogue, whether it have or have not success with the mob — all this is immaterial; for all true lovers of artistic work will surely recognize it if they find in it the breath of life, without which nothing can exist for them. I do not claim that in making any work, and in any way, a writer can always produce a real achievement, even if he have the keenest sensibility. It is evident there must be, in addition, a thorough preparation; he must, by the instruction he has had, by the education he has received, perhaps by a thousand fruitless preliminary efforts, have unconsciously accumulated in himself a power of artistic expression equivalent to the power of emotion that is the mainspring of all. But the writer must keep from philosophizing about this, for fear of speedily transforming it into a system; that is, for fear of introducing into his own work a destructive element that would ruin it, or would, little by little, weaken it, and end by transforming it into the work of a mere hack.

But if to throw one's self into one's work heart and soul, and without introspection, each time it is undertaken, is not an infallible method of producing works endowed with all the undying charm of life, it is nevertheless the only way one can succeed, the only chance one has of gaining utterance in perfect harmony with personality. For in this way all the qualities that form the basis of our nature operate and manifest themselves to the exact degree in which we possess them, and nothing produced in this way can seem artificial. To think thus is to deny all success to the clever, to the craftsman, to the acrobats of book and style. I believe that in reality, now more than ever, the future has nothing for them. We can be amused for a time with brilliant feats, but we tire of them quickly, especially when we see that there are no more new ones to be devised.

But mandarin of letters though a man be, as he is above all human, a being alive and with a thirst for life, I am very sure that he must always end by going back to the works which he knows were spontaneous productions, which he sees are profoundly sincere, which send forth an echo of the soul, an echo of life. But this always was true, and I repeat, it will doubtless always be thus. And for this reason new poets will keep coming, who will eternally sing for their brother man the song of their souls, their joys and their fears in the presence of life and death, in the presence of love, in the presence of the enigma of the world. And however old the song may seem, it will nevertheless be new each time, as smiles and tears are always new though they are eternal.

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The Proper Perspective of American History

by **WOODROW WILSON**

July, 1895

OUR NATIONAL history has its own great and spreading pattern, which can be seen in its full form and completeness only when the stuff of our national life is laid before us in broad surfaces and upon an ample scale. But the detail of the pattern, the individual threads of the great fabric, are to be found only in local history. The life of some localities is, obviously, more completely and intimately a part of the national pattern than the life of other localities, which are more separate and, as it were, put upon the border of the fabric. To come at once and very candidly to examples, the local history of the Middle States, — New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, — is much more structurally a part of the characteristic life of the nation as a whole than is the history of New England communities or of the several States and regions of the South.

Our national history has been written for the most part by New England men, — all honor to them! They have written our history, nevertheless, from but a single point of view. From where they sit, the whole of the great development looks like an Expansion of New England. To the Southern writer, too, the story looks much the same, if it be but followed to its culmination, — to its final storm and stress and tragedy in the great war. It is the history of the Suppression of the South. The history of the United States, we have learned, was, from the settlement at Jamestown to the surrender at Appomattox, a long-drawn contest for mastery between New England and the South, — and the end of the contest we know.

It is a very dramatic form for the story. One almost wishes it were true. How fine a unity it would give our epic! But perhaps, after all, the real truth is more interesting. The life of the nation cannot be reduced to these so simple terms. These two great forces, of the North and of the South, unquestionably existed, — were unquestionably projected in their operation out upon the great plane of the continent, there to combine or repel, as circumstances might determine. But the people that went out from the North were not an unmixed people; they came from the great Middle States as well as from New England. Their transplantation into the West was no more a reproduction of New England or New York or Pennsylvania or New Jersey than Massachusetts was a reproduction of old England, or New Netherland a reproduction of Holland. The Southern people, too, whom they met by the western rivers and upon the open prairies, were transformed, as they themselves were, by

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the rough and rude fortunes of the frontier.

Here from the first were mixture of population, variety of element, combination of type, as if of the nation itself in small. Here was never a simple body, a people of but a single blood and extraction, a polity and a practice brought straight from one motherland. The life of these States was from the beginning like the life of the country: they have always shown the national pattern. In New England and the South it was very different. There some of the great elements of the national life were long in preparation: but separately and with an individual distinction; without mixture, — for long almost without movement. That the elements thus separately prepared were of the greatest importance, and run everywhere like the chief threads of the pattern through all our subsequent life, who can doubt? They give color and tone to every part of the figure. The very fact that they are so distinct and separately evident throughout, the very emphasis of individuality they carry with them, but proves their distinct origin. The other elements of our life, various though they be, and of the very fibre, giving toughness and consistency to the fabric, are merged in its texture, united, confused, almost indistinguishable, so thoroughly are they mixed, intertwined, interwoven, like the essential strands of the stuff itself: but these of the Puritan and the Southerner, though they run everywhere with the rest and seem upon a superficial view themselves the body of the cloth, in fact modify rather than make it.

Woodrow Wilson, who was to become the chief executive of this nation during a period which embraced one of the greatest crises in our history, was several times a contributor to THE FORUM *in its early years. In 1895, when he wrote the accompanying article, he had been for five years professor of jurisprudence and political economy at Princeton University.*

II

WHAT IN FACT has been the course of American history? How is it to be distinguished from European history? What features has it of its own, which give it its distinctive plan and movement? We have suffered, it is to be feared, a very serious limitation of view until recent years by having all our history written in the East. It has smacked strongly of a local flavor. It has concerned itself too exclusively with the origins and Old-World derivations of our story. Our historians have made their march from the sea with their heads over shoulder, their gaze always backward upon the landing places and homes of the first settlers. In spite of the steady immigration, with its persistent tide of foreign blood, they have chosen to speak often and to think always of our people as sprung after all from a common stock, bearing a family likeness in every branch, and following all the while old, familiar, family ways. The view is the more misleading because it is so large a part of the truth without being all of it. The common British stock did first make the country, and has always set the pace. There were common institutions up and down the coast; and these had formed and hardened for a persistent growth before the great westward migration began which was to reshape and modify every element of our life. The national government itself was set up and made strong by success while yet we lingered for the most part upon the eastern coast and feared a too distant frontier.

But, the beginnings once safely made, change set in apace. Not only so: there had been slow change from the first. We have no frontier now, we are told, — except a broken fragment, it may be, here and there in some barren corner of the western lands, where some inhospitable mountain still shoulders us out, or where men are still lacking to break the baked surface of the plains, and occupy them in the very teeth of hostile nature. But at first it was all frontier, — a mere strip of settlements stretched precariously upon the sea-edge of the wilds: an untouched continent in front of them, and behind them an unfrequented sea that almost never showed so much as the momentary gleam of a sail. Every step in the slow process of settlement was but a step of the same kind as the first, an advance to a new frontier like the old. For long we lacked, it is true, that new breed of frontiersmen born in after years beyond the mountains. Those first frontiersmen had still a touch of the timidity of the Old World in their blood: they lacked the frontier heart. They were "Pilgrims" in very fact, — exiled, not at home. Fine courage they had: and a steadfastness in their bold design which it does a faint-hearted age good to look back upon. There was no thought of drawing back. Steadily, almost calmly, they extended their seats. They built homes, and deemed it

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certain their children would live there after them. But they did not love the rough, uneasy life for its own sake. How long did they keep, if they could, within sight of the sea! The wilderness was their refuge; but how long before it became their joy and hope! Here was their destiny cast; but their hearts lingered and held back. It was only as generations passed and the work widened about them that their thought also changed, and a new thrill sped along their blood. Their life had been new and strange from their first landing in the wilderness. Their houses, their food, their clothing, their neighborhood dealings were all such as only the frontier brings. Insensibly they were themselves changed. The strange life became familiar. But, until they had turned their backs once for all upon the sea; until they saw their western borders cleared of the French; until the mountain passes had grown familiar, and the lands beyond the central and constant theme of their hope, the goal and dream of their young men, they did not become an American people.

When they did, the great determining movement of our history began. The very visages of the people changed. That alert movement of the eye, that openness to every thought of enterprise or adventure, that nomadic habit which knows no fixed home and has plans ready to be carried any whither, — all the marks of the authentic type of the "American" as we know him came into our life.

III

It has been said that we have here repeated some of the first processes of history: that the life and methods of our frontiersmen take us back to the fortunes and hopes of the men who crossed Europe when her forests, too, were still thick upon her. But the difference is really very fundamental, and much more worthy of remark than the likeness. Those shadowy masses of men we see moving upon the face of the earth in those far away, questionable days when states were forming: even those stalwart figures we see so well as they emerge from the deep forests of Germany, to displace the Roman in all his western provinces and set up the states we know and marvel upon at this day, show us men working their new work at their own level. They do not turn back a long cycle of years from the old and settled states, the ordered cities, the tilled fields, and the elaborated governments of an ancient civilization, to begin as it were once more at the beginning. They carry alike their homes and their states with them in camp and upon the ordered march of the host. They are men of the forest, or else men hardened always to take the sea in open boats. They live no more roughly in the new lands than in the old. The world has been frontier for them from the first. They may go forward with their life in these new seats from where they left off in the old. How different the circumstances of our first settlement and the building of new states on this side of the sea! Englishmen, bred in law and ordered government ever since the Norman lawyers were followed a long five hundred years ago across the narrow seas by those masterful administrators of the strong Plantagenet race, leave an ancient realm and come into a wilderness where states have never been; leave a land of art and letters, which saw but yesterday "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," where Shakespeare still lives in the gracious leisure of his closing days at Stratford in the north, where cities teem with trade and men go bravely dight in cloth of gold, and turn back six centuries, — nay, a thousand years and more, — to the first work of building states in a wilderness! They bring the steadied habits and sobered thoughts of an ancient realm into the wild air of an untouched continent. The weary stretches of a vast sea lie, like a full thousand years of time, between them and the life in which till now all their thought was bred. Here they stand, as it were, with all their tools left behind, centuries struck out of their reckoning, driven back upon the long dormant instincts and forgotten craft of their race, not used this long age. Look how singular a thing: the work of a primitive race, the thought of a civilized! Hence the strange, almost grotesque groupings of thought and affairs in that first day of our history. Subtile politicians speak the phrases and practise the arts of intricate di-

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plomacy from council chambers placed within log huts within a clearing. Men in ruffs and lace and polished shoe-buckles thread the lonely glades of primeval forests. The microscopical distinctions of the schools, the thin notes of a metaphysical theology are woven in and out through the labyrinths of grave sermons that run hours long upon the still air of the wilderness. Belief in these dim refinements of dogma is made the test for man or woman who seeks admission to a company of pioneers. When went there by an age since the great flood when so singular a thing was seen as this: thousands of civilized men suddenly rusticated and bade do the work of primitive peoples, — Europe *frontiered!*

Of course there was a deep change wrought, if not in these men, at any rate in their children; and every generation saw the change deepen. It must seem to every thoughtful man a notable thing how, while the change was wrought, the simples of things complex were revealed in the clear air of the New World: how all accidentals seemed to fall away from the structure of government, and the simple first principles were laid bare that abide always; how social distinctions were stripped off, shown to be the mere cloaks and masks they were, and every man brought once again to a clear realization of his actual relations to his fellows! It was as if trained and sophisticated men had been rid of a sudden of their sophistication and of all the theory of their life and left with nothing but their discipline of faculty, a schooled and sobered instinct. And the fact that we kept always, for close upon three hundred years, a like element in our life, a frontier people always in our van, is, so far, the central and determining fact of our national history. "East" and "West," an ever-changing line, but an unvarying experience and a constant leaven of change working always within the body of our folk. Our political, our economic, our social life has felt this potent influence from the wild border all our history through. The "West" is the great word of our history. The "Westerner" has been the type and master of our American life. Now at length, as I have said, we have lost our frontier: our front lies almost unbroken along all the great coast line of the western sea. The Westerner, in some day soon to come, will pass out of our life, as he so long ago passed out of the life of the Old World. Then a new epoch will open for us. Perhaps it has opened already. Slowly we shall grow old, compact our people, study the delicate adjustments of an intricate society, and ponder the niceties, as we have hitherto pondered the bulks and structural framework, of government. Have we not, indeed, already come to these things? But the past we know. We can "see it steady and see it whole"; and its central movement and motive are gross and obvious to the eye.

Till the first century of the Constitution is rounded out we stand, all the while, in the presence of that stupendous westward movement which has filled the continent: so vast, so various, at times so tragical, so swept by passion. Through all the long time there has been a line of rude settlements along our front wherein the same tests of power and of institutions were still being made that were made first upon the sloping banks of the rivers of old Virginia and within the long sweep of the Bay of Massachusetts. The new life of the West has reacted all the while, — who shall say how powerfully, — upon the older life of the East; and yet the East has moulded the West as if she sent forward to it through every decade of the long process the chosen impulses and suggestions of history. The West has taken strength, thought, training, selected aptitudes out of the old treasures of the East, — as if out of a new Orient; while the East has itself been kept fresh, vital, originative by the West, her blood quickened all the while, her youth through every age renewed.

IV

The East has spent and been spent for the West: has given forth her energy, her young men and her substance, for the new regions that have been a-making all the century through. But has she learned as much as she has taught, or taken as much as she has given? Look what it is that has now at last taken place. The westward march has stopped, upon the final slopes of the Pacific; and now the plot

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thickens. Populations turn upon their old paths; fill in the spaces they passed by neglected in their first journey in search of a land of promise; settle to a life such as the East knows as well as the West, — nay, much better. With the change, the pause, the settlement, our people draw into closer groups, stand face to face, to know each other and be known; and the time has come for the East to learn in her turn: to broaden her understanding of political and economic conditions to the scale of a hemisphere, as her own poet bade. Let us be sure that we get the national temperament; send our minds abroad upon the continent, become neighbors to all the people that live upon it, and lovers of them all, as Lincoln was.

Read but your history aright, and you shall not find the task too hard. Your own local history, look but deep enough, tells the tale you must take to heart. Here upon our own seaboard, as truly as ever in the West, was once a national frontier, with an elder East beyond the seas. Here, too, various peoples combined, and elements separated elsewhere effected a tolerant and wholesome mixture. Here too the national stream flowed full and strong, bearing a thousand things upon its currents. Let us resume and keep the vision of that time: know ourselves, our neighbors, our destiny, with lifted and open eyes: see our history truly, in its great proportions: be ourselves liberal as the great principles we profess; and so be the people who might have again the heroic adventures and do again the heroic work of the past. 'Tis thus we shall renew our youth and secure our age against decay.

The Chief Influences on My Career

by **ANATOLE FRANCE**

November, 1895

YESTERDAY, as I walked by the bank of the Seine, the spring sunshine enlivened the quays and their noble outline of stone; the scudding clouds gave to the brightness of day the charming spontaneity of a smile; and, while the crowd swept past, I abandoned myself to the sweetness of undefined reverie. I never pass along these quays without a feeling of joy and sadness, for I was born here, and here I spent my childhood.

Of the Quai Voltaire, where I acquired a taste for the fine arts, I have preserved enchanting recollections. The greater part of my adolescence was passed in that house where, half a century earlier, Dominique-Vivant Renon, gentleman-of-the-chamber to the king, director of the fine arts, member of the Institute, and baron of the empire, withdrew with his collections and mementos to spend the garnished elegance of his old age. The restful façade of this residence, pierced by the light arches of the tall windows, recalls, by its aristocratic simplicity, the period of Gabriel and of Louis. I see myself again a little child looking at the boats as they passed, and drinking in life with delight. The Seine that flowed before me charmed me by the grace natural to the waters, — the motive of matter and the spring of life. Ingenuously I admired the delightful wonder of the stream which bore the boats by day, reflecting back the sky, and at night became covered with precious stones and lumi-

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nous flowers. And because I loved it, I desired that that beautiful water might remain always the same. My mother told me that the rivers flowed into the ocean, and that the waters of the Seine ran without ceasing; but I repulsed this idea as unreasonably pitiful. In this, perhaps, I lacked the proper scientific spirit, but I embraced a dear illusion, for there is no greater affliction than the universality with which things pass away.

At evening, at the family table, under the lamp which burned with infinite mildness, I turned over my old Bible with the ancient prints, which my mother had given me, and which I devoured with my eyes before ever I was able to read. It was an excellent old Bible, dating from the commencement of the seventeenth century; the engravings were by a Dutch artist, who had represented the terrestrial paradise in the guise of a landscape in the neighborhood of Amsterdam. The hills were covered with oaks grown awry in the wind from

the sea. The meadows, admirably drained, were intercepted by rows of mouldy willows. An apple-tree with mossy boughs represented the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. The animals in view were domesticated, and presented the idea of a farm with a well-regulated poultry-yard. There were the oxen, the sheep, the rabbits, and a fine horse of Brabant, clipped and groomed, waiting to be harnessed to the carriage of the burgomaster. All this enraptured me. I do not speak of Eve, who was portrayed as a Flemish beauty; but here were the lost treasures. I was still more interested in Noah's ark. I can yet see the spacious and circular hull surmounted by a cabin made of planks. O, marvel of tradition! Among my toys was a Noah's ark of an exact similitude, painted red, with all the animals in pairs, and Noah and his children standing round them. It was a great proof to me of the truth of the Scriptures.

In the daytime, in the midst of the jacksnipes, the trefoil, and the daisies which at that time might still be gathered on the wild and blossoming declivities of the Trocadéro, I played at hoop at the foot of the statues on the Pont d'Jéna. I entertained no particular opinion concerning these statues; I saw vaguely that they were men who held horses of stone by the bridles. I knew not if they were beautiful or ugly, but I was very sensible of the fact that they were enchanted like the light of the sky which laved me deliciously, and the salubrious air which I breathed in joyfully; like the trees on the solitary quays; like the laughing waters of the Seine; like the whole round world. I felt that very surely, but I did not doubt that the enchantment was in myself, and that it was I, so young, who filled the universe with a radiant sprightliness. The myth of an earthly paradise is a grand truth, and I am not astonished that it has entered into the conscience of the people. It is true that each in turn we commence again the adventure of Adam, we waken to consciousness in the terrestrial paradise, and our childhood is spent in the pleasantness of a new Eden. In these blessed hours I have seen thistles pushing out from under a heap of stones, in the sunny lanes where the birds sang, and I say truly, it was paradise. It was situated, not between the four rivers of Scripture, but on the hills of Chaillot and on the banks of the Seine.

II

I SEE AGAIN the little "*potache*" who with his nose in the air and his books on his back, goes early to school, and studies the correct

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things in those rooms wherein such a quantity of ink has been spilt and such a quantity of chalk-dust has been scattered over the blackboard. The place to which he repaired was the Stanislas Academy, then rural and full of oddities. The time spent there was not burdensome. I have delightful recollections of it. First of all, that of having been young, which is charming: the universe is as old as ourselves; it is born, lives, and dies with each one of us. It is we who make it; and when there are no longer any men there will no longer be any universe. It is thirty years since I tasted the blossoming newness of the world. To speak honestly, my school was not then what it has become today. The house was not so large or so handsome, but it was well arranged for little people like myself. The scholars were few, and, as we were not an army, the discipline was not warlike. We were given a little liberty, we took more, and life was very tolerable. My school has altered greatly since then; for work is done there nowadays. We were indolent in our time, and I did not wear out my Homer and Virgil. The level of the studies was not high, and for my part I contributed nothing to elevate it. Among the sixty scholars, fifty squandered their time. The other ten became well-informed, or at least well-mannered, for the ancient Stanislas succeeded above everything else in inculcating the principles of good breeding, thanks to Livy and Sallust; thanks also, I think, to his handsome shade-trees and his spacious courtyard, but especially to his director the Abbé Lalanne.

He was a charming old man, this Abbé Lalanne. He was ugly, but it was a pleasant ugliness. He was ugly like St. Vincent de Paul. With that he had the air of being of stone, — not at all hard or cold, but like those old stones from which the saints are carved in the churches: those stones that have taken on a strange sweetness from the caresses of the moon; that seem to be softened by the dews of morning; that are mossy, and look benevolent. His wrinkled brow, his huge nose, his gray cheeks, an enormous chin, seemed to be hewn from one of those stones; and his eyes of a clear gray, bright and young, appeared like two flowerets in a ruin. Lively and weak, eloquent and a stammerer, it was given him to please by mere whimsical contrast. He was venerable, but provoked a smile. His was a great and gentle heart, a soul just and holy, and a spirit at once lively, impatient, and ingenuous. In him good sense became united with the humorous. He was a poet who took much more pleasure in versification than Lamartine, but who met with less success. He composed little tragedies which we played on feast-days under a shed. I recollect about 1858 that we gave a recitation of a *Pharamond* in the costumes of the period. This holy man made the verses in his simplicity as a joiner planes a board. But he was an incomparable educator, though a little irresolute and wavering. He lived in a pure atmosphere, and he inspired only what was good and grand. I had the best of masters, and I was the worst of scholars.

I returned from school each day to my home, where I listened to the gossip of the little circle gathered at evening in my father's bookshop. There I saw M. de Barante, then more than an octogenarian. At school we read with avidity his "History of the Dukes of Burgundy," and I looked at the author of these interesting recitals with all the agitation and awe of a youthful admiration. But he was an excellent man, kind and mild, and loved to render service to those about him. His manner recalled the line:

"Rien ne trouble sa fin: c'est le soir d'un beau jour."

I now see again, as he was about the year 1860, the blue-eyed, bald-fronted, grave and gentle Louis de Ronchaud, since then Director of the Museum of the Louvre. Again I hear him speak, in tones of sincere affection, of the beauty of Greek and Florentine art. His conversation formed one of my earliest delights. I did not understand all he said, but when one is young it is not necessary to understand everything in order to admire everything. I felt that he was in possession of both the good and the beautiful. I was convinced that he would share the table of the gods and the couch of the goddesses; but the following day in school I comprehended that my modest professor did not belong at all to that celestial race, and I despised him for it. I was shocked to find him so ignorant of the beauties of antiquity. Thus, through the influence of M. de Ronchaud, I remained away from certain classes to spend the time in the Louvre before a metope of the Parthenon. But, as Renan has said, it is possible to be saved by different methods.

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III

But the paradisean years of a tender and sagacious childhood are passing, and the moments grow short when the eyes of fifteen color the old universe with the tints of Aurora. The years of youth which are now approaching had a taste often bitter, but whose perfume yet remains sweet in the remembrance. At that time I had no desire to write. I led a solitary and contemplative life, and as I was studying nothing I learned much. In fact it is while walking that those discoveries are made which are at once moral and beautiful. On the other hand, what one finds in a laboratory or in a work-room usually amounts to very little, and it is to be observed that professional scholars are more ignorant than the generality of other people. How often, alone of a morning, have I followed the sinuous paths in the Jardin des Plantes, among the deer and the sheep who thrust their heads between the shrubberies begging for bread. And in that old garden, peopled with animals, I seemed to find again the terrestrial paradise of my old Bible. Very frequently, however, five or six of us met, attracted by an affinity of taste and sentiment. As we had nothing to do, we made over the world. I recall with delight our walks in the garden of the Luxembourg and under the sombre trees in the Avenue de l'Observatoire. And in all seriousness I must tell you that the wind blowing among the leaves chanted more harmoniously then than it does today. More noble and beautiful the sun went down among the golden mists of evening. I would ask all my friends of that time, Were not those days better than these? A spell was on us, and we were happy because we were young. I do not know what mystery enveloped us, nor what zeal inspired us. For myself, I was not satisfied unless I expounded the universe as my day's task under the plantains of the Luxembourg. Some of us have preserved the memory of those youthful conversations, the lengthy talks in which Paul Bourget, almost beyond adolescence, brought to bear his fine analysis and eloquent inquisitiveness. It was something marvellous to hear him, in our walks, talk of the poetry of Shelley and of the philosophy of Spinoza. He entered then with disquieting boldness the intellectual domain which he has since conquered. A constructor of romances, he promised us another and a more impartial "Adolphe"; a poet, he made admirable verses elegant and ingenuous like himself, — verses full of an assumed languishment and an airy philosophy; a critic, he excelled in tracing the history of thought, and was incomparable in the analysis of the genius of a writer and a philosopher. Already divided between the cult of metaphysics and the love of worldly graces, his discourse passed readily from the theory of the will to the subject of feminine attire,— a foretoken of the romances he has since given to the world. There was no perceptible difference in age between himself and the big scholars whom he instructed in Greek, Latin, and philosophy, but already vigor of mind and the habit of reflection had made him the master. His ideas were controlled by an elegant severity which was the admiration of our little circle. To our debates, frequently prolonged far into the night, he brought a greater philosophy than the others. How many times have we not reconstructed the world amid the silence of the deserted avenues in the twinkling light of the stars! And now these same stars listen to the disputation of other youths who in their turn reconstruct the universe. Thus the generations ever dream dreams equally sublime and vain.

About this time Baron Haussmann, unknown to himself, had in the service of the prefecture a number of long-haired poets and small journalists, and here in the office were read aloud the *Châtiments*, and here was glorified the painting of Manet. Paul Verlaine recopied here his Saturnian poems on the paper of the administration. Like the rest of us, he had completed his studies in various lyceums, and was to take his bachelor's degree after having sufficiently studied the classics to thoroughly misunderstand them. And as instruction leads to everything, he afterward entered an office in town. I do not say this in reproach. It was the existence of François Coppée, of Albert Mérat, of Léon Valade, and of numerous other poets who were prisoners in an office and who went into the country only on Sunday.

Very often we found ourselves in the Rue Rousselet, narrow and dirty, but bordered with gardens, and full of souvenirs dear to the heart of a true Parisian. It was here that Madame de la Sablière came to live when she renounced the world and devoted herself to the service of the sick. This charming woman, who had

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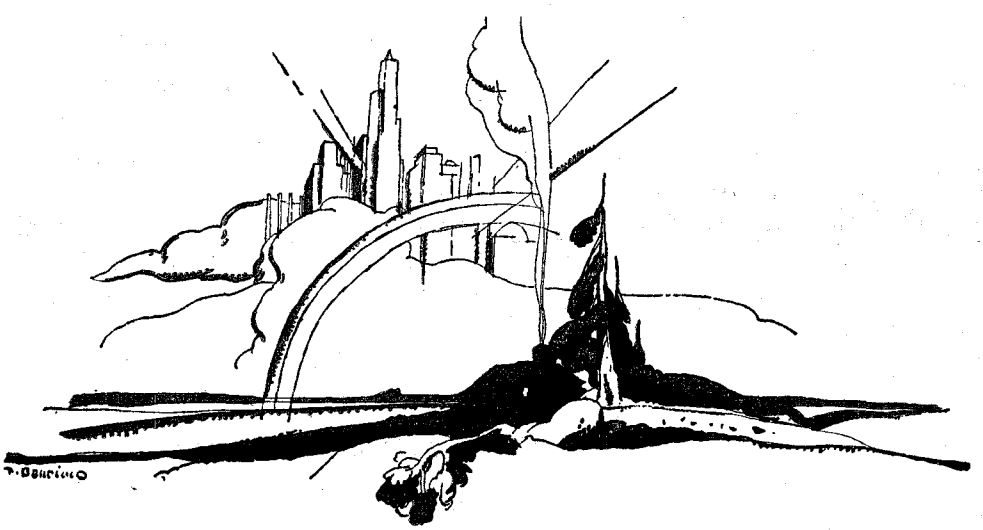
greatly loved many things in life, carried nothing to God in her penitence but the ruins of her heart and of her beauty. At twenty steps from this chamber, where, two hundred years ago, the friend of La Fare wept over the still smoking ruins of her wasted life, before a window opening upon the garden of the Brotherhood of Saint Jean de Dieu, how many vows all fresh with youth and hope have I not uttered! Here lived my friend Adolphe Racot, then full of dreams and projects, cordial, good, and vigorous, whom journalism and many romances killed. It is now some years since he died, but in those days we had before us the infinite. From that window we could see the house where François Coppée, in a little garden near his modest and flowery lodging, composed verses that were as true, simple, and amiable as himself. Paul Bourget, his forehead gloomy with metaphysics under his adolescent head of hair, was constantly there. Coppée and Bourget visited Barbey d'Aurevilly, who then inhabited a little chamber in the same Rue Rousselet where he lived for thirty years in noble poverty: they brought him that most delicious thing, a youthful admiration.

But I have drifted too long amid the delights of remembrance, and I have sufficiently extolled the splendors of a life of poverty and liberty belonging to another time. I must retrace the precipitous currents of the twenty years that have gone, and return to the realities of today. The sun sinks to rest upon the Seine, evening falls upon the quays, and the phantom I have evoked is lost in the shadows. Adieu! that other self whom I have lost and whom I shall never find. Happy is he who can see again the image of his early youth and not experience a single sentiment of regret, of bitterness, or of disillusion.

True American Ideals



***by* THEODORE ROOSEVELT**

February, 1895

IN HIS NOTEWORTHY book on "National Life and Character," Mr. Pearson says: "The countrymen of Chatham and Wellington, of Washington and Lincoln, in short the citizens of every historic state, are richer by great deeds that have formed the national character, by winged words that have passed into current speech, by the examples of lives and labors consecrated to the service of the commonwealth." In other words, every great nation owes to the

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men whose lives have formed part of its greatness not merely the material effect of what they did, not merely the laws they placed upon the statute books or the victories they won over armed foes, but also the immense but undefinable moral influence produced by their deeds and words themselves upon the national character. It would be difficult to exaggerate the material effects of the careers of Washington and of Lincoln upon the United States. Without Washington we should probably never have won our independence of the British crown, and we should almost certainly have failed to become a great nation, remaining instead a cluster of jangling little communities, drifting toward the type of government prevalent in Spanish America. Without Lincoln we might perhaps have failed to keep the political unity we had won; and even if, as is possible, we had kept it, both the struggle by which it was kept and the results of this struggle would have been so different that the effect upon our national history could not have failed to be profound. Yet the nation's debt to these men is not confined to what it owes them for its material well-being, incalculable though this debt is. Beyond the fact that we are an independent and united people, with half a continent as our heritage, lies the fact that every American is richer by the heritage of the noble deeds and noble words of Washington and of Lincoln. Each of us who reads the Gettysburg speech or the second inaugural address of the greatest American of the nineteenth century, or who studies the long campaigns and lofty statesmanship of that other American who was even greater, cannot but feel within him that lift toward things higher and nobler which can never be bestowed upon any human being by the enjoyment of mere material prosperity, however acquired.

It is not only the country which these men helped to make and helped to save that is ours by inheritance; we inherit also all that is best and highest in their characters and in their lives. We inherit from Lincoln and from the might of Lincoln's generation not merely the freedom of those who once were slaves; for we inherit also the fact of the freeing of them, we inherit the glory and the honor and the wonder of the deed that was done, no less than the actual results of the deed when done. The bells that rang at the passage of the emancipation proclamation still ring in Whittier's ode; and as men think over the real nature of the triumph then scored for human-kind their hearts shall ever throb as they cannot over the greatest industrial success or over any victory won at a less cost than ours.

The captains and the armies who, after long years of dreary campaigning and bloody, stubborn fighting, brought to a close the Civil War have likewise left us even more than a reunited realm. The material effect of what they did is shown in the fact that the same flag flies from the Great Lakes to the Rio Grande, and all the people of the United States are richer because they are one people and not many, because they belong to one great nation, and not to a contemptible knot of struggling nationalities. But besides this, besides the material results of the Civil War, we are all, North and South, incalculably richer for its memories. We are the richer for each grim campaign, for each hard-fought battle. We are the richer for valor displayed alike by those who fought so valiantly for the right and by those who, no less valiantly, fought for what they deemed the right. We have in us nobler capacities for what is great and good because of the infinite woe and suffering, and because of the splendid ultimate triumph.

II

In the same way that we are the better for the deeds of our mighty men who have served the nation well, so we are the worse for the deeds and the words of those who have striven to bring evil on the land. Most fortunately we have been free from the peril of the most dangerous of all examples. We have not had to fight the influence exerted over the minds of eager and ambitious men by the career of the military adventurer who heads some successful revolutionary or separatist movement. No man works such incalculable woe to a free country as he who teaches young men that one of the paths to glory, renown, and temporal success lies along the line of armed resistance to the Government, of its attempted overthrow.

Yet if we are free from the peril of this example, there are other perils from which we are not free. All through our career we have had to war against a tendency to regard, in the individual and the nation alike, as most important,

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things that are of comparatively little importance. We rightfully value success, but sometimes we overvalue it, for we tend to forget that success may be obtained by means which should make it abhorred and despised by every honorable man. One section of the community deifies as "smartness" the kind of trickery which enables a man without conscience to succeed in the financial or political world. Another section of the community deifies violent homicidal lawlessness. If ever our people as a whole adopt these views, then we shall have proved that we are unworthy of the heritage our forefathers left us; and our country will go down in ruin.

The people that do harm in the end are not the wrong-doers whom all execrate; they are the men who do not do quite as much wrong, but who are applauded instead of being execrated. The career of Benedict Arnold has done us no harm as a nation because of the universal horror it inspired. The men who have done us harm are those who have advocated disunion, but have done it so that they have been enabled to keep their political position; who have advocated repudiation of debts, or other financial dishonesty, but have kept their position in the community; who preach the doctrines of anarchy, but refrain from action that will bring them within the pale of the law; for these men lead thousands astray by the fact that they go unpunished or even rewarded for their misdeeds.

It is unhappily true that we inherit the evil as well as the good done by those who have gone before us, and in the one case as in the other the influence extends far beyond the mere material effects. The foes of order harm quite as much by example as by what they actually accomplish. So it is with the equally dangerous criminals of the wealthy classes. The conscienceless stock speculator who acquires wealth by swindling his fellows, by debauching judges and corrupting legislatures, and who ends his days with the reputation of being among the richest men in America, exerts over the minds of the rising generation an influence worse than that of the average murderer or bandit, because his career is even more dazzling in its success, and even more dangerous in its effects upon the community. Anyone who reads the essays of Charles Francis Adams and Henry Adams, entitled "A Chapter of Erie," and "The Gold Conspiracy in New York," will read about the doings of men whose influence for evil upon the community is more potent than that of any band of anarchists or train robbers.

There are other members of our mercantile community who, being perfectly honest themselves, nevertheless do almost as much damage as the dishonest. The professional labor agitator, with all his reckless incendiarism of speech, can do no more harm than the narrow, hard, selfish merchant or manufacturer who deliberately sets himself to work to keep the laborers he employs in a condition of dependence which will render them helpless to combine against him; and every such merchant or manufacturer who rises to sufficient eminence leaves the record of his name and deeds as a legacy of evil to all who come after him.

But of course the worst foes of America are the foes to that orderly liberty without which our Republic must speedily perish. The reckless labor agitator who arouses the mob to riot and bloodshed is in the last analysis the most dangerous of the workingman's enemies. This man is a real peril; and so is his sympathizer, the legislator, who to catch votes denounces the judiciary and the military because they put down mobs. We Americans have, on the whole, a right to be optimists; but it is mere folly to blind ourselves to the fact that there are some black clouds on the horizon of our future.

III

Too much cannot be said against the men of wealth who sacrifice everything to getting wealth. There is not in the world a more ignoble character than the mere money-getting American, insensible to every duty, regardless of every principle, bent only on amassing a fortune, and putting his fortune only to the basest uses — whether these uses be to speculate in stocks and wreck railroads himself, or to allow his son to lead a life of foolish and expensive idleness and gross debauchery, or to purchase some scoundrel of high social position, foreign or native, for his daughter. Such a man is only the more dangerous if he occasionally does some deed like founding a college or endowing a church, which makes those good people who are also foolish forget his real iniquity. These men are equally careless of the workingmen, whom they oppress, and of the state, whose

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existence they imperil. There are not very many of them, but there is a very great number of men who approach more or less closely to the type, and, just in so far as they do so approach, they are curses to the country. The man who is content to let politics go from bad to worse, jesting at the corruption of politicians, the man who is content to see the maladministration of justice without an immediate and resolute effort to reform it, is shirking his duty and is preparing the way for infinite woe in the future. Hard, brutal indifference to the right, and an equally brutal shortsightedness as to the inevitable results of corruption and injustice, are baleful beyond measure; and yet they are characteristic of a great many Americans who consider themselves perfectly respectable, and who are considered thriving, prosperous men by their easy-going fellow-citizens.

Another class, merging into this, and only less dangerous, is that of the men whose ideals are purely material. These are the men who are willing to go for good government when they think it will pay, but who measure everything by the shop-till, the people who are unable to appreciate any quality that is not a mercantile commodity, who do not understand that a poet may do far more for a country than the owner of a nail factory, who do not realize that no amount of commercial prosperity can supply the lack of heroic virtues, or can in itself solve the terrible social problems which all the civilized world is now facing. The mere materialist is, above all things, shortsighted.

The people who pride themselves upon having a purely commercial ideal are apparently unaware that such an ideal is as essentially mean and sordid as any in the world, and that no bandit community of the Middle Ages can have led a more unlovely life than would be the life of men to whom trade and manufactures were everything, and to whom such words as national honor and glory, as courage and daring, and loyalty and unselfishness, had become meaningless. The merely material, the merely commercial ideal, the ideal of the men "whose fatherland is the till," is in its very essence debasing and lowering. It is as true now as ever it was that no man and no nation shall live by bread alone. Thrift and industry are indispensable virtues; but insufficient. We must base our appeals for civic and national betterment on nobler grounds than those of mere business expediency.

We have examples enough and to spare that tend to evil; nevertheless, for our good fortune, the men who have most impressed themselves upon the thought of the nation have left behind them careers the influence of which must tell for good. The unscrupulous speculator who rises to enormous wealth by swindling his neighbor; the capitalist who oppresses the workingman; the agitator who wrongs the workingman yet more deeply by trying to teach him to rely not upon himself but partly upon the charity of individuals or of the state and partly upon mob violence; the man in public life who is a demagogue or corrupt, and the newspaper writer who fails to attack him because of his corruption, or who slanderously assails him when he is honest; the political leader who, cursed by some obliquity of moral or of mental vision, seeks to produce sectional or social strife — all these, though important in their day, have hitherto failed to leave any lasting impress upon the life of the nation. The men who have profoundly influenced the growth of our national character have been in most cases precisely those men whose influence was for the best and was strongly felt as antagonistic to the worst tendency of the age. The great writers, who have written in prose or verse, have done much for us. The great orators whose burning words on behalf of liberty, of union, of honest government, have rung through our legislative halls, have done even more. Most of all has been done by the men who have spoken to us through deeds and not words, or whose words have gathered especial significance because they came from men who spoke in deeds. A nation's greatness lies in its possibility of achievement in the present, and nothing helps it more than the consciousness of achievement in the past.

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Darwin vs. Dogma

A Debate on Evolution

The Earth Speaks to Mr. Bryan

***by* HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN**

June, 1925

THREE YEARS ago William Jennings Bryan made a pledge which he has not fulfilled. This pledge was published on the Lord's Day, February 26, 1922, and was read by a million people. It was so sincere in tone and was accompanied by so earnest a statement that I for one took it at its face value and, trusting that the pledge would be kept, published a reply entitled "Evolution and Religion" on the following Sunday, March fifth. I call attention to the character of this pledge. *Truth is Truth and must Prevail.* Many of my scientific friends ask me, "Why answer Bryan?" I reply that to me Bryan is not an individual; he is a type. He presents the Gospel to thousands of Americans all over the land who are convinced by his sermons that there is some antagonism between the Creator and His Creation, between God and Nature. This is not a Truth; it is an ill-starred state of opinion, disastrous to true religion, disastrous to morals, disastrous to education. As recently as January 30, 1925, we read in the daily paper

The real question is, Did God use evolution as His plan? If it could be shown that man, instead of being made in the image of God, is a development of beasts we would have to accept it, regardless of its effect, for truth is truth and must prevail. But when there is no proof we have a right to consider the effect of the acceptance of an unsupported hypothesis." — A statement by William Jennings Bryan,* **New York Times,** *February 26, 1922, which, according to Professor Osborn in the accompanying argument, constitutes a "solemn pledge."

TENNESSEE LIKES BRYAN

ANTI-EVOLUTIONISTS PASS BILL
BARRING THEORIES IN SCHOOLS

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 28 — The lower house of the Tennessee General Assembly, voting 71 to 5, passed a bill prohibiting the teaching of evolution in the common schools.

The actual effect of this bill is the declaration by the Legislature of one of our oldest and finest States that the Truth must not be taught in the schools of the State. Since 500 B.C. such legislation has repeatedly come from ecclesiastical assemblies and from inquisitorial chambers but seldom, if ever, in the history of mankind from a legislative assembly such as that of the State of Tennessee. That such an inquisition should arise in the United States is almost incredible; that teachers in the schools of Tennessee should be compelled to deny the truths taught by nature or lose their means of livelihood puts the State back exactly four centuries to the inquisitorial period of Spanish history. Let us commend to these new inquisitors the enlightened words of Canon H. de Dorlodot, D.D., D.Sc., delegate from the Catholic University of Louvain on the occasion of the Darwinian Centenary at Cambridge:

> "It is no exaggeration to say that, in showing us a creation more grandiose than we had ever suspected it, Charles Darwin completed the work of Isaac Newton; because, for all those whose ears are not incapable of hearing, Darwin was the interpreter of the organic world, just as Newton was the voice from heaven come to tell us of the glory of the Creator, and to proclaim that the universe is a work truly worthy of His hand. And of these two illustrious interpreters of nature, who were nurtured by your glorious university, it is permissible to say with the psalmist:
>
> *'There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.*
> *Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.'"*
>
> (Canon de Dorlodot: *Darwinism and Catholic Thought*, p. 177)

II

TO MY MIND there is no antagonism between the Creator and His Creation. Denial of the truth of nature is atheism disguised as

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religion. It is an extremely ancient form of atheism, of which we have written records as far back as five centuries B.C. These records we find in the two greatest epics of human suffering, — the Book of Job and the *Prometheus Bound* of Aeschylus. The Book of Job, dating back to 450 B.C., is contemporary with *Prometheus Bound* of the years between 467 and 458 B.C. The Book of Job contains the reflections of the earliest Hebrew or Semitic writer on the relations of God to Nature, of Nature to Man. While earlier books of the Bible, from those of Moses, 1300–1200 B.C., to the Psalms, which were collected, edited, and in large part composed between 520 and 150 B.C., are full of the inspiration and glory of nature, Job is the first to enjoin the scientific study of nature.

The spirit of scientific inquiry seems to have pervaded the atmosphere five hundred years B.C.; it was doubtless a subject of discussion among intellectual lights all around the Mediterranean. Also in the atmosphere, in the supposed interest of religion, was the spirit of repression of scientific inquiry. In Greece at the time, inquiry into the truths of nature was regarded as atheistic and therefore punishable by the gods. Undoubtedly William Jennings Bryan had his prototypes 500 B.C., who through oratory and an appeal to an offended Olympus made the way of questioning the earth very difficult. The whole essence of *Prometheus Bound* is the dire punishment of Prometheus for having dared to promote the welfare of man through the scientific exploration of the earth. Prometheus is the personification of inquiry into the laws of nature for the welfare of man. After a glorious recital of the rise of man through discoveries in astronomy, in architecture, in mining, in medicine, Prometheus places foremost the gift to man of reason:

"The miseries of men
I will recount you, how, mere babes before,
With reason I endowed them and with mind:
And not in their disparagement I speak,
But of my gifts to memorize the love:
Who, firstly, seeing, knew not what they saw,
And hearing did not hear; confusedly passed
Their life-days, lingeringly, like shapes in dreams,
Without an aim; and neither sunward homes,
Brick-woven, nor skill of carpentry, they knew;
But lived, like small ants shaken with a breath,
In sunless caves a burrowing buried life:
Of winter's coming no sure sign had they,
Nor of the advent of the flowery spring,
Of fruitful summer none: so fared through each,
And took no thought, till that the hidden lore
Of rising stars and setting I unveiled."

(Aeschylus: *Prometheus Bound.* Translation by Robert Whitelaw. 1907)

III

IN MY REPLY to Bryan I quoted a verse from the Book of Job that has always impressed me: *Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee* (Job 12:8). This admonition of the great Shemite and the lofty humanitarianism of Aeschylus direct our attention to the fact that nature has been speaking since the dawn of humanity in no uncertain tones to those minds and hearts which are open to its voice. It may be in the earth, it may be in the wind, it may be in the earthquake, it may be in the fire, or it may be only in the "still small voice"; it may be serious, solemn, awe-inspiring, and difficult to comprehend, like recent marvelous discoveries in physics and astronomy; it may be small and apparently insignificant, while actually profoundly important and significant, like many of the discoveries in anthropology. To those serious and earnest seekers after the Truth, from 500 B.C. to the present time, we have the contrasting attitude of the Great Commoner; if all the evidence for the Truth were piled as high as Ossa upon Pelion, if proof were heaped upon proof, the Truth would not prevail with him, because all the natural avenues of the Truth are tightly closed.

It is noteworthy that shortly after his pledge to accept the Truth appeared in 1922, the Earth spoke to Bryan and spoke from his native State of Nebraska, in the message of a diminutive tooth, the herald of our knowl-

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edge of anthropoid apes in America. It happens that teeth, incased in enamel, as the most enduring animal substance in the whole order of living nature, defy all the vicissitudes of time and of subterranean burial and take first rank among nature's hieroglyphics of the past. I once traveled several thousand miles to see a single tooth, known to science as *Microlestes antiquus*, signifying "the ancient little robber." Despite its "rhaetic" age, surpassing the hoary antiquity of Jurassic time, this tiny tooth, no larger than a pin-head, is shown with its ancient enamel lustre and truthfully tells an unvarnished tale of the life conditions of an epoch in which the "ancient little robber" flourished. Some years afterwards, while dining with the Right Reverend William Manning, then rector of Trinity Church, I sat next the Archbishop of York, the Most Reverend Cosmo Gordon Lang. Knowing the Englishman's aversion to commonplaces like the weather and politics, I at once broached the subject of *Microlestes*. I said, "Your Grace, do you know why York is so famous?" He smiled and replied that he supposed it was because of the beauty of its cathedral. "No," I answered, "it is because it houses the oldest tooth in the world!" He confessed that he had never seen this tooth but would certainly on his return to York repair to the museum for the purpose.

The world-wide interest aroused by the discovery in Nebraska of *Hesperopithecus*, "the ape of the western world," is in widest possible contrast to the diminutive and insignificant appearance of the single grinding tooth of the right side of the upper jaw, which speaks of the presence of the higher or manlike apes in our western country at a time when the ancient "Territory of Nebraska" was in close touch with the animal civilization of Asia and of western Europe. This *Hesperopithecus* tooth is like the "still small voice"; it is by no means easy to hear its sound. Like the hieroglyphics of Egypt, it requires its Rosetta Stone to give the key to the interpretation. Our Rosetta Stone is comparison with all the similar grinding teeth known, collected from all parts of the world, and described or figured in learned books and illustrations. By these means this little tooth speaks volumes of truth, — truth consistent with all we have known before, with all that we have found elsewhere. The evidence is strongly supported by many other and more complete fossil specimens that speak of a fresh tide of migration from the Old World to the New perhaps a million years ago, including antelopes, rhinoceroses, and peculiar Asiatic types of horses. So it has been with every other great discovery bearing directly or indirectly upon the great question of the origin and evolution of man. The earth has buried its secrets as if it were reluctant to reveal the history of our past.

IV

WHAT SHALL we do with the Nebraska tooth? Shall we destroy it because it jars our long preconceived notion that the family of manlike apes never reached the western world, or shall we endeavor to interpret it, to discover its real relationship to the apes of Asia and of the more remote Africa? Or shall we continue our excavations, difficult and baffling as they are, in the confident hope, inspired by the admonition of Job, that if we keep on speaking to the earth we shall in time hear a more audible and distinct reply? Certainly we shall not banish this bit of Truth because it does not fit in with our preconceived notions and because at present it constitutes infinitesimal but irrefutable evidence that the man-apes wandered over from Asia into North America. Moreover, the mystery surrounding its discovery is hardly greater than those which have been surmounted elsewhere, — in Spain, in Britain, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in Hungary, in the Island of Java, in the Ordos of Inner Mongolia.

Only a few months ago it was proclaimed by one of the leading American anthropologists, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka of the United States National Museum, that Europe rather than Asia may have been the cradle of the human race. This proclamation rested on the overwhelming testimony of the presence of fossil man in all parts of western Europe, discoveries dating from the first ancient flint implement found in 1690 and extending over two hundred and thirty-three years to the sepulchres of Aurignacian man found in 1923 near Solutré, France. Just at the moment when Asia seemed to have lost its time-honored reputation as the Garden of Eden of the human race, two devout Roman Catholics, — the one a distinguished missionary of Northern China, Père Emile Licent, the other a distinguished palaeontologist, Abbé Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, — made an epoch-making discovery of palaeolithic man of Aurig-

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nacian and Mousterian age in the northern valley of the Yellow River bordering China and southern Mongolia. Flint implements were found in the greatest abundance, fashioned after the superior Aurignacian technique, which indubitably established the presence of a large colony of men in this now arid region of central Asia during the more favorable and humid climate of the closing Ice Age. Skulls and bones of these men have not been found, but their flint industry speaks of an order of intelligence as high as that manifest in the finely formed skulls and foreheads of the Aurignacian men recently disinterred at Solutré, France.

This discovery of the Old Stone Age in north China is consistent with the Neolithic or New Stone Age culture known for some years in China, as revealed by the Swedish explorer, J. M. Anderson, who has now been called to the University of Stockholm. It is also in accord with the prophecies of W. D. Matthew and of the present writer that the high plateau region of central Asia will prove to be the chief cradle of the human race. It is upon plateaus and relatively level uplands that life is most exacting and response to stimulus most beneficial. An alert race cannot develop in a forest, — a forested country can never be a centre of ascent for man; nor can the higher type of man develop in a lowland river bottom country with plentiful food and luxuriant vegetation. Mongolia has always been an upland country through the Age of Mammals and before. It was probably a country only in part forested, mainly open, with exhilarating climate and conditions sufficiently difficult to require healthy exertion in obtaining food supply. In the uplands of Mongolia conditions of life were apparently ideal for the development of early man, and since all the evidence points to Asia as the place of origin of man, and as Mongolia and Tibet, the top of the world, are the most favorable geographic regions in Asia for such an event, we shall sooner or later find the remote ancestors of man in this section of the country. This Mongolian idea must be treated only as an opinion, but it is an opinion sufficiently sound to warrant the extended investigation now going forward and which is to be continued for the next five years under the leadership of Roy Chapman Andrews in the hope of finding evidence of primitive man in Asia.

V

MAN IS WHAT he is because he has never had an easy time of it; for at least 500,000 years he has been engaged in an incessant struggle for existence, a struggle in which his intelligence and his moral nature have played a very large part, certainly the predominating part in the higher races of man. The spiritual life of man had its dawn extremely far back in geologic time, and belief in life after death was an early development. Religion, in the sense of belief in a supernatural power or powers, followed later and was accompanied by superstition, magic, and the creation of a priesthood as intermediaries between man and the higher powers.

This is no longer a matter of guesswork and hypothesis, as it was at the close of the nineteenth century when Herbert Spencer and John Mason Tyler were theorizing upon the origin of religion. Through the religious practises and ceremonials of the existing peoples, the prehistory of religion comes to us in no uncertain tones from the earth, in stone amulets and charms, in ceremonial burials full of tender human sentiment, in sculptures, paintings, and engravings, in primitive written texts which we some time may be able to decipher. Some of these records go back over 50,000 years, when the custom of burial began; others are of more recent date, belonging to the second cave period. The truth of these records is truth of the most imperishable order, and it must prevail. It may inconvenience us, it may disturb us, it may completely upset many of our scientific ideas, it may run counter to our religious views; our duty is not to avoid the consequences of the truth but to face them and overcome them.

In our present search for the Truth we may remind the Bildads and the Bryans of the world of the rebuke of the Lord: "Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said: Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? (38:1,2). . . . Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct him? He that reproveth God, let him answer it (40:2)"; and of Job's penitence: "Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? therefore have I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not (42:2,3)."

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Mr. Bryan Speaks to Darwin

by **WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN**

July, 1925

The incident which brought William Jennings Bryan to light as the foremost American champion of fundamentalism was the trial of John T. Scopes for teaching evolution in the high school at Dayton, Tennessee, and the "Great Commoner's" spirited passages with Clarence Darrow, for the defense, are now a notable portion of our recent cultural history. But, at the time this rejoinder to Professor Osborn appeared in THE FORUM, the great "monkey trial" was not yet. Scopes was under indictment, and a panting world was waiting for the verdict of American law in the case of Bible v. Darwin.

IN THE JUNE FORUM, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn assumed to speak for the earth, and, as its interpreter, administered a rebuke to me in its name. Those, who are unacquainted with the sublime self-confidence of the evolutionists, may be surprised at this presumptuousness; but compared with other illustrations of conceit, the Professor is humility itself. The more inflated of his class do not hesitate to claim an infallibility which they deny to the Bible, and think themselves better informed on ethics than Christ. One of these, speaking at Helena, Montana, not long ago, boasted that science (acting, of course through scientists) had "discovered incentives to righteousness that Jesus did not know." A man who can teach the Savior morals must be quite a man.

Professor Osborn's excuse for conferring on me the distinction he does by linking my name with his, is set forth in the following words: "'The real question is, did God use evolution as His plan? If it could be shown that man, instead of being made in the image of God, is a descendant of the beasts, we would have to accept it, regardless of its effect, for truth is truth and must prevail. But when there is no proof, we have a right to consider the effect of the acceptance of an unsupported hypothesis.' Solemn pledge of William Jennings Bryan, 'New York Times,' Sunday, February 26, 1922."

If the Professor's object had been to enlighten me and thus lead me out of error into a knowledge of the truth, his act would have been gracious and his purpose laudable, even though he gave the letter to the public without mailing it to me. He denies himself credit for any altruistic purpose, however, when he confesses that he has no hope whatever of benefiting me. He says, "To these serious and earnest seekers after the Truth, from 500 B.C. to the present time, we have the contrasting attitude of the Great Commoner; if all the evidence for the Truth were piled as high as Ossa upon Pelion; if proof were heaped upon proof, the Truth would not prevail with him, because all the natural avenues of the Truth are tightly closed."

I quote his language not for the purpose of showing the tolerant spirit of this eminent scientist, but rather to explain why I do not attempt to defend myself. I could not assume an open-minded attitude without seeming to question his veracity. My only recourse, therefore, is to defend that great multitude of believers in the Bible, for whose intelligence he has the same contempt that he expresses for mine, but whom he has not yet specifically mentioned by name and put beyond the pale of reason.

II

DO THOSE who reject evolution as an unproved hypothesis, deserve the anathemas which he heaps upon them? Are they *unreasonable* in refusing to accept, as conclusive, the evidence offered by evolutionists in support of a proposition that links every living thing in blood relationship to every other living thing, — the rose to the onion, the lily-of-the-valley to the hog-weed, the eagle to the mosquito, the mocking bird to the rattlesnake, the wolf to the lamb, the royal palm to the scrub oak, and man to all? Surely, so astounding a proposition as that embodied in the evolutionary hypothesis should be supported by facts before it becomes

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binding upon the judgment of a rational being.

It is not unusual for evolutionists to declare that their hypothesis is as clearly established as the law of gravitation or the roundness of the earth. How can they defend such a statement or even make it in good faith? Anyone can prove to the satisfaction of everyone that matter attracts matter; that anything heavier than air, when thrown up into the air, will fall to the ground. There can be no rejection of a truth that each one can demonstrate for himself. And so with the roundness of the earth; it is no longer an hypothesis, — anyone can demonstrate the truth of this by traveling around the earth as millions have.

But how about the doctrine that all of the species (Darwin estimated the number at from two to three million, — the lowest estimate is one million, about a half million of which have been tabulated) by the operation of interior, resident forces came by slow and gradual development from one or a few germs of life which appeared on this planet millions of years ago, — how many millions is a matter of speculation, the estimates varying according to the vigor of the guesser's imagination and the number of ciphers he has left in his basket? Can that proposition be demonstrated by every one like the law of gravitation or the roundness of the earth? On the contrary, no one has ever been able to trace one single species to another. Darwin admitted, — even expressed surprise and disappointment, — that no species had ever been traced to another, but he thought his hypothesis should be accepted even though the "missing links" had not been found. He did not say link, as some seem to think, but *links*. If there is such a thing as evolution, it is not just one link, — the link between man and the lower forms of life, — that is missing, but all the millions of links between millions of species. Our case is even stronger; it has been pointed out that evolution, if there is such a force, would act so slowly that there would be an infinite number of links between each two species; or a million times a million links in all, every one of which is missing.

Thomas Huxley also asserted that no species had ever been traced to another; and, while a friend of Darwin, declared that until some species could be traced to another, Darwin's hypothesis did not rise to the dignity of a theory.

Professor William Bateson, a London biologist, prominent enough to be invited to cross the Atlantic and speak to the members of the American Society for the Advancement of Science, assembled at Toronto two years ago last December, in discussing evolution, took up every effort that had ever been made to discover the origin of species, and declared that every one had failed — every one! He still asserted faith in evolution in spite of the failure, but in doing so, he only showed how much easier it is for some scientists to have faith along their own line of work than along religious lines.

Why should we believe that *all* species come one from another when no evidence has yet been found to prove that *any* species came from another? And yet evolution requires of its votaries the acceptance of just such an illogical conclusion and just such chloroforming of the reason.

If evolution were true, every square foot of the earth's surface would teem with conclusive proof of change. The entire absence of proof is the strongest possible proof that evolution is a myth and that the worship of it is as inexcusable, — as such, a matter of superstition, — as the worship of any heathen god.

III

But those who reject evolution have other proof. Chemistry, one of the greatest of the sciences and the one that gives us our most intimate acquaintance with nature, refutes all the claims of the evolutionists, and proves that there is no pushing power to be found anywhere in nature, — no progressive force at work in the earth, — no eternal urge lifting matter or life from any plane to a higher one. Chemistry separates the atoms; it walks around them, so to speak, and describes their characteristics and their combining power. Chemistry has failed to find any trace of any such influence as evolution is supposed to be, namely, a force active enough to raise life, step by step up, along the lines of the family tree imagined by Darwin, from "A group of marine animals, resembling the larvae of existing ascidians" to "Man, the wonder and glory of the universe."

On the contrary, the only active force discovered on this planet, as pointed out by Edwin Slosson, is deterioration, decay, death. All the formulae of chemistry are exact and permanent.

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They leave no room for the guesses upon which evolutionists build other guesses, *ad infinitum*. Take water, for instance; it must have been on the earth before any living thing appeared, because it is the daily need of every living thing. And it has been H_2O from the beginning, whether found in the sea, the clouds, or the veins of the earth. Every one of the millions of changes of species imagined by the evolutionists have taken place, — if they have taken place at all, — since water came upon the earth. But water has not changed: neither has anything else ever changed, so far as nature has revealed her processes to man.

Professor Osborn is so biased in favor of a brute ancestry, and so anxious to substantiate his claims to jungle blood, that he exultantly accepts as proof the most absurd stories. When a few bones and a piece of skull are fashioned into a supposed likeness of a prehistoric animal, described as an ape-man, he falls down before it and worships it, although it contains a smaller percentage of fact than the one-half per cent of alcohol permitted in a legal beverage. Each new exhibit, — no matter how largely the product of an inflamed imagination, — lifts him to a new altitude of exultation, and each one in itself furnishes him sufficient foundations for unchangeable convictions; and yet, in spite of his doubled and redoubled certainty, he grasps at each new bit of evidence, no matter how frail and flimsy it is, as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

His latest "newly discovered evidence" is a long lost witness captured in Nebraska. He would probably have declared it "irrefutable" even if it had been found in some other State, — all the evidence on his side seems "irrefutable" to him, — but the fact that it was found in Nebraska, my home State for a third of a century, greatly multiplied its value. Some one searching for fossils in a sand hill came upon a lonely tooth, no other tooth was nigh "to reflect back its blushes or give sigh for sigh." The body of the animal had disappeared, and all the other pieces of "imperishable ivory" had perished; not even a jaw bone survived to supply this Sampson of the scientific world with a weapon to use against the Philistines of today. But a tooth in his hand is, in his opinion, an irresistible weapon.

The finder of this priceless tooth, conscious that it could impose upon but a few, even among those who prefer speculation to reason, wisely chose Professor Osborn. He hastily summoned a few congenial spirits, nearly as credulous as himself, and they held a post-mortem examination on the extinct animal, which had at one time been the proud possessor of this "infinitesimal" and "insignificant" tooth. After due deliberation, they solemnly concluded and announced that the tooth was the long looked-for and eagerly longed-for missing link which the world awaited.

IV

THE PROFESSOR'S logic leaks at every link, but is no worse than that of his boon companions who, having rejected the authority of the word of God, are like frightened men in the dark, feeling around for something that they can lean upon. True science is classified knowledge and is of incalculable use to man. Give science a fact and it is invincible. But no one can guess more wildly than a scientist, when he has no compass but his imagination, and no purpose but to get away from God. Darwin uses the phrase "we may well suppose" eight hundred times and wins for himself a high place among the unconscious humorists by his efforts to explain things that are not true. For instance, he assumed that man has a brain superior to woman's brain, and tried to explain it on the theory that our ancestors were brutes,

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and that the males, fighting for the females, increased their brain power. He also assumed that our ancestors were hairy animals, and tried to explain the disappearance of the hair on the theory that the females selected their companions, and, because of a deep-seated and universal preference, selected the least hairy and thus, in the course of ages, bred the hair off. The two explanations would be funny enough, even if each did not make the other impossible, — the two sexes could not do the selecting at the same time.

Evolutionists also explain to us that the light, beating on the skin, brought out the eye, although the explanation does not tell us why the light waves did not continue to beat until they brought out eyes all over the body. They also tell us that the leg is a development from a wart that accidently appeared on the belly of a legless animal; and that we dream of falling because our ancestors fell out of trees fifty thousand years ago.

Darwin thought it was more likely that man came from the chimpanzee than from the gorilla, because the gorilla was so strong that it would not have been likely to cultivate the social virtues. He also guessed that the first man came down out of the trees in Africa, while Professor Osborn has him coming up out of the sand of the desert in Asia. One explanation is as reasonable as the other, and both are absurd. Professor Osborn, however, with a caution that cannot always be suppressed, warns us that "this mongolian idea" of his "must be treated only as an opinion," — so we may not have to change our dreams after all.

A university professor has recently uttered a prediction to the effect that seventy-five thousand years hence everybody will be bald headed and toothless, — a prediction that cannot be verified until more than seventy-four thousand and nine hundred years after he is dead and forgotten, — and he recommends no hair tonic or tooth powder to avert the awful calamity.

If it were possible to regard the evolutionary hypothesis as merely a comedy, intended to furnish light reading to relieve minds overtaxed by the demands of this hurrying age, I would not care to disturb the sapient scholars, who, seeking out the shady places and cushioned seats, spend their time endeavoring to clothe the bodies of their remote ancestors with hair, and trying to remove the hair from the heads of their remote descendants. But evolution is a tragedy as well as a comedy. It is a calamity to the nation that highly educated men, many of them educated at the expense of the toiling masses, should while away their precious time in idle speculation instead of devoting themselves to the serious problems that demand solution. It is a serious thing to turn the attention of students from preparation for large service to a guessing match.

V

THE EVOLUTIONISTS build a philosophy of life on a brute hypothesis, wholly unproved, and then proceed to eliminate every vital part of the Bible because inconsistent with the hypothesis which they have adopted. Evolution has no place in it for the miracle of the supernatural; hence, evolutionists eliminate the record of man's creation by separate act in God's image, as a part of a Divine plan and for a purpose. They next eliminate the supernatural birth and resurrection of the Savior. They rob Him of the glory of a Virgin birth, of the majesty of His deity and mission, and of the triumph of His resurrection. Evolution explains man as the climax of a process in which he has risen through the killing off of the weak, — an hypothesis which, if carried to its conclusion, would condemn pity and sympathy as mischievous interferences with a cruel law by which not the fittest but the fiercest and the most merciless survive.

I do not distinguish between Theistic and Atheistic evolutionists; the former are the atheists in the making and are doing more harm than atheists because they mislead more.

Evolutionists are iconoclasts; they are bent on ridding the world of religion which they regard as a superstition. One professor in a prominent women's college in New England recently sent me a series of questions proposed for discussion. One of them read, "Is religion an obsolescent function, which should be allowed to atrophy quietly, without arousing the passionate prejudice of outworn superstition?"

And then they dare to belittle the intelligence and deny the rights of those who believe that the Lord Jesus Christ, our crucified and risen Savior, "the greatest fact in history" and "the growing figure of all time," is the world's only hope of righteousness and peace.

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HORSES

by EIZAN

April, 1930

THE FLUID, economical, and highly suggestive lines of these woodcuts show that they derive from the traditional art of Japan. Nevertheless, Eizan's spirited, proud-maned horses are as realistic, in their way, as any in Western art. It is amusing to compare these graphic Oriental interpretations with Shakespeare's almost equally vivid and restrained word-picture of a horse in *Venus and Adonis:*

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

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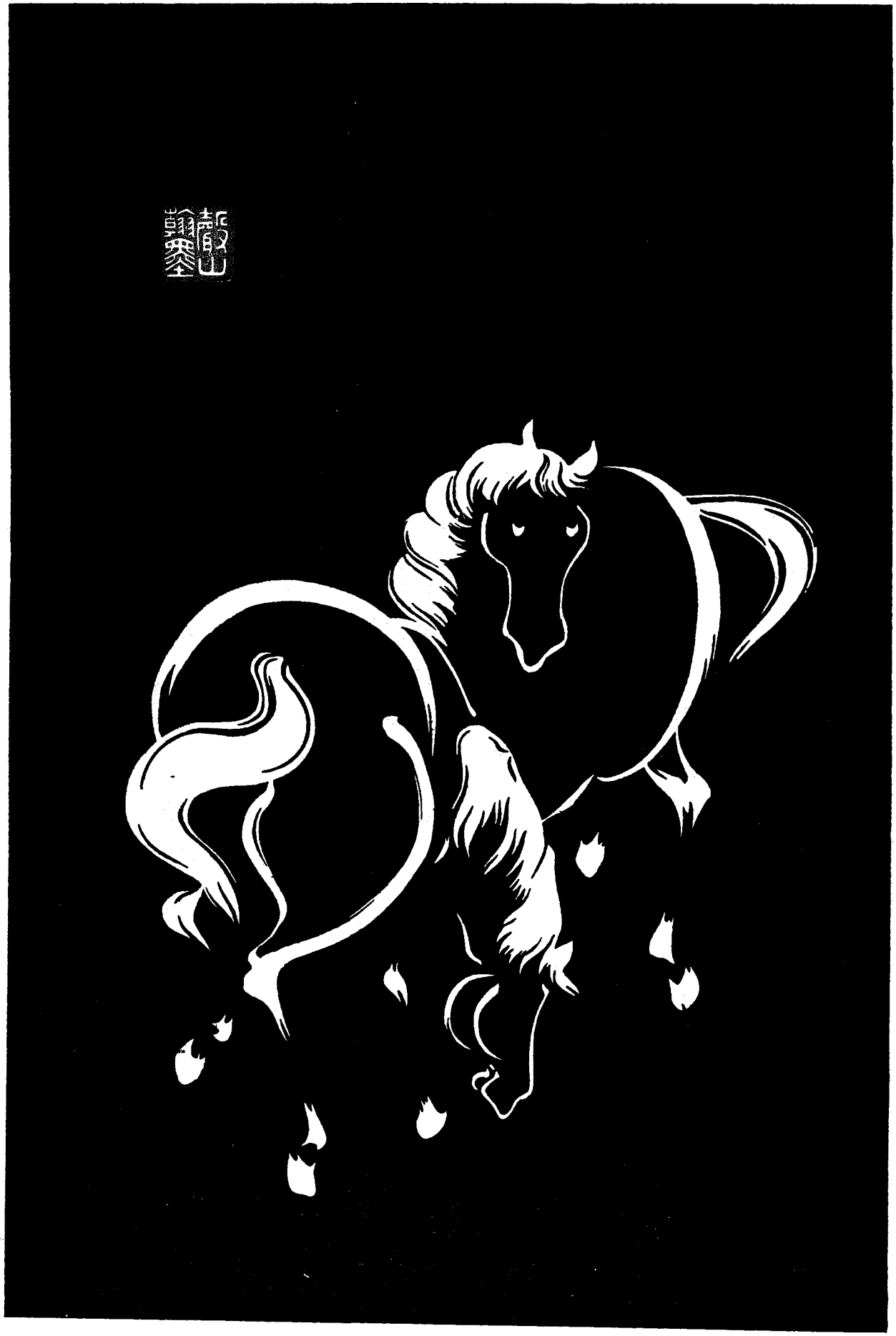

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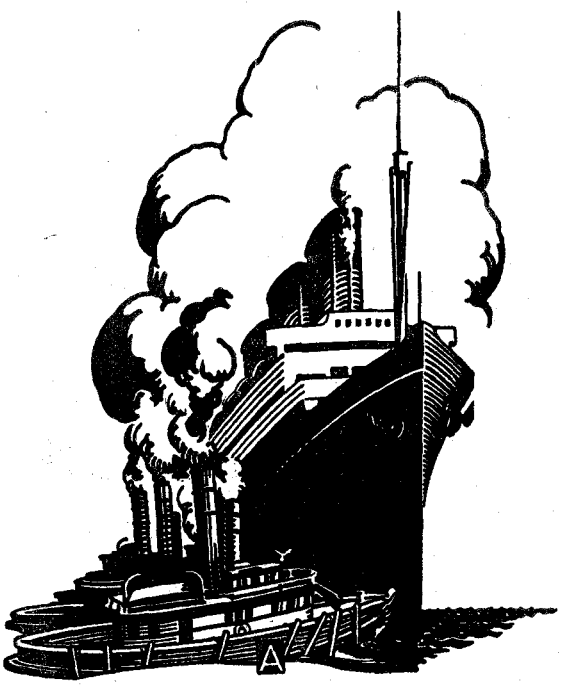
The New Steerage

by **FRANCIS BYRNE HACKETT**

October, 1914



ELEVEN HUNDRED of us, perhaps twelve hundred, were booked steerage from Liverpool to New York. We had been brought to the dock at noon, away from our friends, though we heard the vessel was not to leave till five. On the other side of a stone pier rose the huge *Lusitania* with her four funnels. Everyone on our tender moved expectantly forward. There was an official cry: "Britishers first!" The chosen of the Lord! But the horde of ignorant foreigners came surging ahead. Miscellaneously we crowded up the gangway. Another gangway sloped for us on to the *Lusitania*. Several British policemen and stewards faced us to keep us in line. At so many guardian angels we began to feel depressed.

Medical inspection. The instant we put foot on the deck of the *Lusitania*, this was our first business.

"Have your Inspection Tickets ready." Before we could inquire what was going to happen, it was happening. We were passed in a slow trickle between two officials. "Take off your hat." "Take off your glasses." I stood blinking while the doctor deftly plucked up my eyelids. He waved me ahead, my ungranulated eyelids made harsh by the handling. Hundreds were before us on the deck, and those from behind began to press on our heels with the inevitable "myself first" impulse of human beings. We were a medley of races, Swedes, Greek, English and Welsh, Irish, Russian Jews, Poles, mute Lithuanian peasants, and men from a Northern race who turned out to be Finns. It was almost as cosmopolitan as the Third Avenue Elevated. We advanced with repeated hesitations and conscious slowness. A woman turned white in the crush and had to be helped to a seat near an open porthole. In front of me, a 12-year-old boy, dead beat, leaned against his big brother — and under his arm, if you please, wearily hugged a camp stool. "Why doesn't he sit on the stool?" The mother, a thin, strained, admirable creature, whose face showed the fine wrinkles of a life too intent, allowed me to open the stool for him. From his low seat he rewarded me more than once with a look of confidence and smiling good nature. They had travelled by rail all night, the mother volunteered, from a town in Wales. They were on their way at last to join the father in California. "I have two more in California" — the mother pointed to her children, who cheerfully smiled.

Women and children. During that weary wait I observed them here and there, standing submissively for three-quarters of an hour. At length, after the long halt, the tension was relieved, and we moved again, this time past another doctor. "Take off your hat." The doctor had apparently to inspect the unnaturalized polls on which that morning we had paid a four

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dollar tax. He was a man of great perception, the doctor, and the actual examination was an affair of split seconds. On completing the circuit of the deck our yellow Inspection Tickets (given to us at the office in the morning when we had paid our $37.50 for the passage) received their first stamp. The Cunard Line accepted us as healthy live stock.

My Inspection Ticket said Room H 22, and a steward took me there. There were seven other occupants. Most of them were taking their ease in their berths and smoking. They were all English or American. I responded to their cheery hello, but their carbonic gas was strong, and the portholes proved to be immovable. I sat down on a lower berth, bumped my head against the top one, and had hardly room for my knees in the aisle. My carbonic gas did not improve the air. I felt discouraged, and went out. Nearby I saw a most capacious 4-berth room, and there was a vacancy in it. Henri Bergson says that "life proceeds by insinuation." I felt less gloomy. I found the bedroom steward and asked him whether I could be changed. He was amicable but not quite concrete, a bit of a Jesuit. About this time word flashed by that we were back at the Landing Stage for the cabin passengers: deferring the affairs of moment, I went on deck.

We all pushed aft for a good view, only to find a rope stretched across the deck, and a grim sailor guarding it. "That's all the scope you get." We flattened back against one another. And they let down a beautiful canopied gangway for the upper classes.

Braided officers stood in a row to receive, on a nice clear deck. All the stewards were lined up in fresh white coats. Against the sky line we studied the new angles of hat plumes. On they stepped with leisured gait, with an air of distinguished fatigue. "The daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched forth necks, walking and mincing as they go." Indifferently they handed their light burdens to the now demure stewards. A child in arms next to me chortled as he bandaged his mother's eyes. She gently removed the bandage, only to be blinded again. Behind me, a buxom Swede looked open-eyed at her feathered sisters abaft. Everywhere the interest was intense and simple. I turned again to envisage the daughters of Zion. As in another world they moved — a world where policemen are unnecessary, where stewards are spring-heeled, where officers stand in line, where eyelids are not officially scrutinized nor polls inspected, where the gangway has a canopy and weariness is consoled. I admired "the bravery of their anklets, and the cauls and the crescents; the pendants, and the bracelets and the mufflers." Must it not be delightful, said I to myself, to merit so much attention from everyone, and to be so prettily arrayed? Must it not be pleasant to have eyelids so immune, and to have a quite uninspected poll?

The last piece of first-class baggage rolled aboard. Giant hawsers strained, and were released. It was departure. From my coign at a deck porthole the Landing Stage came into focus. I confess I exclaimed. As far as the eye could reach, on the water and street levels, the glance of thousands on thousands was rivetted on the vessel as she cautiously edged away. It was a beautiful afternoon, the sky innocently blue. All indifferent to us in the background stood the massive city of Liverpool, concentrated on affairs, but no less indifferent to the city itself ranged this childlike, almost awe-struck, army of curiosity, silently intent on us as we receded into the river. From our porthole (I was joined by a Syrian) we could not help a glow of pride. My companion was not able to vent his feelings in English, but he was quite moved. His was an Indian-like head — high cheekbones, thin lips, hard, beady eyes. He dwelt on the vast crowd, ejaculating "ah-ye-ye-ye," and clucking his tongue. I smiled at his solid wonderment. Then he craned out of the porthole to view the water far, far below. I followed suit. He pointed down, and gave a significant, cheerfully reckless laugh. I laughed, too. We were in for it, and no mistake.

II

THE STEAMER'S first evening was spent, doing nothing, out in the Mersey. The tide was in some way blameworthy. It seemed inefficient of nature, but as we lay opposite Liverpool the night-lights came out, definite and serene and friendly, and I took out my mental clutch.

Time came for supper. I reserved for the morning the mysteries of the cuisine. I had earlier gone below to the pantry, after some talk with a humane steward, and to my surprise, I had been allowed to help myself to a cup of tea.

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The first evening was one of extraordinary activity. Still in their best clothes, around our half of the entire deck poured streams and streams of passengers. It was almost impossible to tread one's way. And in several places these streams turned themselves into dancing whorls, where volunteers with a concertina had appeared. I happen to like the concertina, and I enjoyed the movement of life which it promoted. There were never any deck sports, nor games, nor organized distraction. But, except for one awful seasick period, there was endless dancing and singing. On this first evening I stood in the rings that framed the waltzers, and my blood raced with their pleasure. The Swedes in particular took part much and well. They occasionally ventured on those new forms, but only for dancing reasons. When Swedes really want to hug each other, they do it openly and for its own sake.

To increase the friendliness of the evening, everyone was willing to talk a little. I chatted with a Russian, a Greek, an Englishwoman and an Englishman. He was a young and unhappy Englishman, and in disgust at the ignorant foreigner. I later learned that he made up the difference and was allowed to go second class.

At 9 P.M., tired of repeated searches for my bedroom steward (he was dishing out in the pantry most of the time), I went to the assistant chief steward of the third class to see if I could be transferred to the 4-berth room. He'd see, he said in a serious bass voice, he'd let me know. At 9:30 P.M. he again told me he'd see. Whether he has yet seen or not I have no means of discovering. At 10 P.M. I took the berth, with the consent of the other men in the cabin. I gave my tip to the bedroom steward, as I guessed he was the less Tammanyized. The assistant chief steward was a strong character, free from numerical superstition. He asked 13 cents for five penny stamps.

In my room the bedding proved simple — a coarse white bag of straw for mattress, and one dark blue horse blanket for clothing. A small pouch of straw served as pillow. No linen, of course, and no frills of any kind. There was an iron spring frame. I found it ascetic but clean.

The single blanket was not enough. I used my rug, and my fellow passengers used overcoats and rugs, too. The mattresses, I was told, serve just one trip. They are dumped overboard as soon as the steamer is out to sea on the return voyage. In my bed I was the only living creature present.

III

THOSE WHO rose early had advantages. They had first use of the tin basin in their own room, or of the bowls in the general washing room. They had a bid for the solitary bath tub in male steerage. They were up in time to be allowed to walk all the way aft, and look down the wide lane of jade and white in the wake of the *Lusitania*. And they were in time for the first sitting.

Those who did not rise early had to listen to the tramplings that began long before sunrise. Despite this, I got up late. Fifty of us waited over half an hour outside an iron grill at the head of the dining room stairs. The dining room is quite inadequate, so there had to be four sittings — first come, first served. When we reached below we took seats where we could. There was an understanding, however, by which Britishers were grouped together. This was made effectual by stewards who stood where the ways parted, and thrust Jews and Poles and mid-Europeans to one side, and Britishers and Scandinavians to the other.

On the whole, the food during the trip was edible. I could not eat the bacon or the beef. I did not try the eggs. The tea was vile and usually not very hot. The coffee was vile. But the bread, served in individual loaves, was most palatable. The Swedish bread was excellent. The oatmeal was edible, even with the wretchedly thin condensed or dried milk. We had herrings and at another time sausages, and both were fair. The potatoes were always excellently boiled and good of their kind, but the browned potatoes were invariably overcooked and not fit to serve. The cold meats for supper could be eaten. The boiled rice was insipid. The stewed prunes and stewed apricots were palatable. I had very good baked beans and navy beans, good pea soup and fair broth. I had no complaints to make of the food. I never decided whether it was butter or margarine, but I ate it willingly. It certainly had not that callously metallic taste of margarine.

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The service was on bold, wholesale lines. Twenty sat at each table, and there were two equipments of bread and butter, sugar, salt, pepper and vinegar. A disconsolate plant decorated each table. One steward took charge of each ten people. I sat at a different table practically every time, and most of my companions were delightfully obliging and unaggressive. Only those who so wished had to stand up and harpoon their bread roll. There were a few tiresome people who damned the food and failed to pass the salt. The stewards were elusive, or rather that one-tenth part of a steward who was your share. I regretted on one occasion to discover egg shells in my dessert, and the next day I was pained to find a knob of beef in my stewed apples. My sympathetic steward remarked: "Puts you a bit off, don't it?" It do.

From about five in the morning till eleven at night these stewards are working. Work is a good thing. It is strange that the stewards look unhealthy and fatigued. It is due to the inherent inferiority of stewards.

Queenstown was the distraction for several hours on the first day out. The Cunard and White Star Lines have just discerned that the harbor is unsafe for big boats. At what point of profit, I wondered, would Queenstown harbor suddenly and miraculously become safe again?

IV

As we left the coast of Ireland there came an unctuous swell upon the sea. You would not think it could upset anyone, but when I ascended after dinner I was horrified. Rows of passengers lay where they were stricken, all too evidently ill, ghosts of their braver selves. The stewards were in the dining room and could not come, and did not come, for well over an hour. For well over an hour no effort at all was made to clean the decks. I now understood this grave disadvantage of third class, to which the company itself contributes. But there was much kindness to the decimated, and much tolerance. Later I admired immensely the work of the matrons. I seldom met three more splendid, capable, sympathetic women. There were superior passengers who despised the childishness with which simpler people gave in. I myself laughed when I saw a girl lying with complete abandon plumb on top of another girl. The grim sailor heard me and muttered: "Only an ignorant person 'd laugh at anyone was seasick."

During this distressing hour a Russian came flying to the master at arms. "The doctor! the doctor!" "You can't have the doctor," said the man in blue, not unkindly. "We can't help seasickness. It's got to be expected." "The doctor! Not seaseek! dead!" He made a ghastly face. "Oh, all right," said the master-at-arms, and we went straight below.

Terrific pleading calls shook the cabin. "Sonya! Sonya!" The master-at-arms walked right in, and emerged supporting a sack-like girl, very white and inert. "You could cut the air with a knife," murmured the weary master-at-arms. He assisted her on deck, and she was wooed to consciousness.

At this time, on the enclosed deck, there was much commotion. A striking red-haired Jewess, clad in green, had fainted and was put sitting on a bench. A venerable Jew appealed to her excitedly while an earnest young soul at the other side cried for water. It made me furious to see the limp woman propped up, but they were evidently playing according to the rules of a different league. The water came at last and much to my surprise the earnest soul put it to her own lips. But not to drink it. In her the Chinese laundryman had an efficient rival. She was the most active geyser I ever saw. After a time there was a feeble motion of protest, to the regret of the delighted spectators.

On the open deck during this weather the Jews monopolized one corner. I counted thirty of them huddled inseparably together in their misery, like snakes coiled in the cold. As they began to recover, a leg would wiggle from under one blanket, and a head be thrust out from under another. Later they sat up and drank their tea out of glasses, nibbling the sugar. They soon littered the place with apple peels and orange peels. After generations of inhibition they probably needed to be told that they were permitted by a merciful dispensation to use the sea as a waste basket.

As the sea fell slumberously still, life recov-

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ered its audacity. Again the decks became clamorous, multitudinous. People thronged the promenade, or swarmed on the benches that do duty for deck chairs. They began smoking everywhere again, and out came the stewards and the Black Crowd to enjoy a sociable cigarette. There was little to do but talk, until the dancing began. The grim sailor looked pityingly on Babel, as he patrolled the Second Class partition. He was for smaller ships. "On a smaller ship," he deigned to remark, "you can come up and throw your weight around."

V

DIFFERENCES in manners obtruded. The third day out a youth emerged whom I took to be a swineherd from the beech forests of Croatia. He was not handsome. His fringe encroached upon his little eyes. His chin was unformed. Up over his trousers, as if he had just waded through the piggery, his socks were drawn. There he stood, plastic youth, a hand in his pocket, pivotting a heel, surveying the world through his own hirsute thatch. Suddenly, deliberately, he blew his nose Adam-like. A Swedish woman next me turned livid. "De dirty pig." I felt myself the brother of a Swede. The Croatian saw us but beheld us not. His mouth ajar, he ruminated afresh on the fleshpots of Croatia. Raw material, simple even to the verge of our ancestral slime. I prayed "God be with thee," and looked elsewhere.

That evening amid the throng which waited for admittance to the dining room appeared a Greek. The glaring electric light concentrated on that swart face, flung-out chest, and bared neck. He was incredibly blasphemous and incredibly self-important. "Seventy-five dollars, see. American money!" He showed his money to us, and gave a chuckle. His lip curled. "They only Hunkies," indicating his companions who connected themselves with him by slavish eyes. "I in America before, Christ, yes!" His eye roved boldly, and he showed his white teeth. "I got more money still, you bet your life. When I get over I marry no Hunkie. I marry Henglish girl. Yeh, Christ, you bet!" He antagonized us, and yet we watched him eagerly. He lapped up our interest. Overcome with the savor of attention, he incontinently spat. I drew away. "It's a' right," he said half-obsequiously, "I know what I do. I no' spit on American." He felt too much kinship for that.

So things happen, but only in the steerage. At the door of the café below, you will not find a Polish count informing the steward: "I marry a Henglish girl. No penniless Hunkie for me." Nor will the first-class steward answer: "Who cares? Who'll buy a beer?"

In all these days, among all these peoples, there was no friction. Some youths did start to make boisterous fun of two barefooted Italian women, walking up and down in bright petticoat and kerchief. But the Italians smiled and skipped back and sat down, and there was no more "fun." Between congruous people intercourse was easy and frank. The fresh-hued Scandinavians were exceptionally lively. A little English group revolved quietly together, with a private afternoon teapot for central sun. Another little group, including two girls in service, a cotton spinner and a grocery clerk, often sat in the prow and talked amiably about anything from the food on board to their notion of a God. They say that "sociability proceeds from weakness." Steerage, at any rate, is highly sociable. In some cases it was also frankly amatory. The attractive girls, so soon well known, seemed to have no fear of the predatory males. They took each other lightly. But at 9:30 P.M., all the feminine kind, even the rebellious, had to leave their conquests and go below. This rule was enforced to the letter.

Two days before landing we had another medical experience. We learned that American citizens in the third class were immune from smallpox and need not be troubled on that score, but that aliens in the third class must all be vaccinated. It was said there were ways of evading this, but I found none. For several hours we were assembled while the women filed in. After an hour in line, our turn came to enter the surgery improvised in the companionway. On a table flamed a number of small spirit lamps, over which the stewards sterilized the metal scrapers. I bared my arm, as per orders from a pasty youth. The doctor answered my queries by taking my arm, scraping it gently and applying the lymph. "It is not our law," he said politely. "Take this chap," motioned a bullet-headed assistant, and I was shoved to another group. "Rub it off," whispered a friendly scullion, but I let it stay, out of curiosity. The new group crowded around another big table. An additional hour's standing brought up my turn to answer the clerk's ques-

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tions. He recorded on the manifesto that I was destined for Brooklyn and had friends. This was added to the facts I had provided when I engaged passage. I was now catalogued for Ellis Island.

The day before landing there was, I believe, another medical inspection. We got in line for it, but the crowd simply disregarded the stewards and I never even saw the doctor. On that evening the barriers were partly down, and the Goths and Huns invaded two decks.

VI

It was Friday morning before we came into the yellow waters of the harbor, and passed under the cliffs of Manhattan. Already a fissure had appeared in the steerage. On one side, separated from us more and more, went the naturalized citizens, each armed with his papers. On the other, we aliens congregated, to be shipped in due time to Ellis Island.

It was an inhuman morning, a morning of harrowing strain and confusion. Though the inspection of baggage amounted to nothing in itself, especially as there had been no preliminary declaration, there was the uncertainty, and the three hours' delay. Searching for baggage, waiting for inspectors, hectored and shouted at, the poorer immigrants reminded one of Laocoön. And then we had to wait for the boat to Ellis Island, and we had to lug our hand baggage with us for the hours that were to come. This fact alone made the day an ordeal for all except the strongest, a brute ordeal to which wealthier folk would not submit for two successive days.

On the Ellis Island boat we were crammed like cattle. "Move up, I say, move up. God! move UP, you damned kike!" So spoke our burly exemplar of American citizenship. We "moved up" until the last square foot of floor was shut off from sight by close-packed bodies. We co-operated with the U. S. Government as well as we could to provide conditions for another Slocum disaster. When such a disaster does occur on one of these old boats, every editor in the country will demand with magnificent emphasis: "Fix the responsibility!" Let us by all means wait till the steed is stolen.

Ellis Island basked in the sun. It was handsome and trim and restful, after the swarming pier. We entered the fine examination building single file, always lugging our suitcases and bundles and bags and wraps and boxes and babies.

Medical inspection, a real inspection this time. We passed through a cleverly arranged aisle, and at each angle a new doctor in khaki sought for blemishes. I finally impinged on a man who asked me if I could see well without my glasses. I answered: "Not at all." He leaned over, and made two crosses in blue chalk on my raincoat. At the exit from this trap an attendant wrote another little piece on my raincoat, "Vis.," short for vision. I was allowed to lay down my bags, and sit and wait for half an hour.

When the special examiners were ready, we were led up a corridor and shown into a bright room. Around the walls were men and boys in all stages of dress and undress, as at a bathing beach.

"Ken you read English?" I said yes. "Read that over there." A familiar oculist test card hung on the wall. Being already so tired that I would have welcomed deportation, I resentfully choked out: "B, T B R, F E B D," and so on. "All right, doc.," said the attendant, and a civil man at a high desk silently handed me an initialled slip. Outside this was taken, and my dilapidated Inspection Ticket was stamped "Specially Examined." I had passed the test, and went back for my baggage to the anteroom. A woman there, flushed and petulant, commented on her being examined. The attendant turned away contemptuously. "Aw, she's ben hittin' the pipe, or somethin'."

Up the steps into the great hall I proceeded. It resembled a big waiting room, where to my delight benches ran the length of the room. It was now nearly three, and I had neglected to eat anything all day. In the particular bench decided by my Inspection Ticket, I emphatically sat down.

At the far end of these benches ran a long screen at right angles. In that screen were a number of gates. Each gate was guarded by a seated official with our manifestoes on the

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desk before him. Through those gates we immigrants were being sieved into the United States.

At last I was in the sieve. The guardian of the gate was kind of voice. "You have a brother in Brooklyn, eh?" "How much money have you got?" I was not asked to show it. "All right, pass on. No, there is nothing further. You can go as far as you like now!" Two of us from the *Lusitania* whipped down the steps, bags and all, and delivered up our Inspection Tickets at a last, final door. The sun shone outside. The air was fresh. The light danced on the sea. There were no more policemen, stewards, masters-at-arms, doctors, baggage examiners, attendants, inspectors. I drew a deep breath, and tried to forget the benefits of civilization.

On the ferry to New York there mingled future Americans from the Anchor Line and the Red Star Line, as well as from the Cunard. Already I could find only a few of my former companions. Some had gone before. Some were still on the Island. In the present crowd they were absorbed, obliterated. The little world of the *Lusitania* was already annexed by America, as a little meteor is annexed by the burning star. I regretted this absorption, this obliteration. For six days I had belonged to them, and they had belonged to me. I thought of their geniality, simplicity, naturalness, long-suffering. I was sorry to say good-bye.

Beauty in China

***by* PEARL BUCK**

March, 1924

IT IS ONLY an American, born and reared in an alien country, who can appreciate fully the amazing beauty of the American woods in autumn. Inexplicably, no one had prepared me for it. I had lived all my days in a calm Chinese landscape, lovely in its way with delicate, swaying bamboos, curved temple roofs mirrored in lotus pools. It was gently colorful, too, in blues and greens, with a semi-tropic effulgence of sunshine, and a piercing starriness of night. But when summer was gone, and chrysanthemums had glowed and faded, the colors were put away for the most part, until the next spring. The trees dropped their leaves softly, turning the while to a quiet, neutral brown, without any great ado about it, and almost overnight we were in decent and sober winter garb. The earth took on a dull monotony of hue, which the little thatched farmhouses of adobe did not relieve. Even the people retired into enormous padded garments of dark blue and black. Thus, when after a loitering journey eastward, I stepped into sweet English country, I was entranced with its mauve and tawny shades of late summer. Could its hedgerows be lovelier, even in primrose time! There was a dreamy stillness about it which lifted cares away and left one quite content with quiet, well-tilled fields and ancient gray stone cottages, with their slow smoke drifting imperceptibly upwards in the motionless air. An exquisite rest lay over the earth in England, as of one lying down to well-earned sleep.

In such a mood as this I crossed the Atlantic, and was thrown straight into New York. Who except one accustomed to the leisurely traffic of trams and rikshaws and wheelbarrows can realize the astounding activity of New York! Where one dodged one vehicle, a thousand sprang up to take its place, and crossing the street was a wild adventure, compared to which bandits in China are a mild affair. There was the bewildering clatter of elevated railways to dizzy one's mind, and subterranean

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roars from the bowels of the universe apparently. I was fascinated with the yawning earth, which swallowed up people by the hundreds in one spot, only to vomit them up, restless as ever, miles away. Personally, I could not commit myself to the subway, and clinging to a trolley strap, thought regretfully at times of jogging peacefully along on a wheelbarrow, watching the lazy ducks swimming in the ponds by the roadside and stooping to pluck a wild flower for babies tumbling brown and naked in the dust.

But if New York shook me out of my quiescent dreaming, even New York did not prepare me for the shock of the American woods.

A week later I found myself walking through a wood in Virginia. How can I put the excitement of it into words! No one had told me how paganly gorgeous it would be. Oh, of course they had said, "the leaves turn in the fall, you know," but how does that prepare one? I had thought of pale yellows and tans and faint rose reds. Instead, I found myself in a living blaze of color, — robust, violent, vivid beyond belief. I shall never forget one tall tree trunk wrapped about with a vine of flaming scarlet, standing outlined, a fiery sentinel, against a dark rocky cliff.

There was a maple walk which might have been the pathway to the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. Wandering anywhere, above one's head were interlaced boughs, bursting with orange and red, crimson and seal brown, and yellow of purest quality. One walked on a carpet of hues which an emperor's wealth could not buy in a Peking rug. Even the quite tiny things, small vines and plantlets that must have been meek little things in summer, expressed themselves in the most outrageous and unrestrained colors.

Well! There can be nothing like it on this earth. Do the Americans realize it every year, I wonder? I shall not soon be astounded at anything now, I believe. Not at Aurora Borealis, which I have yet to see confirmed, nor at Vesuvius, and I have my doubts even about that day when the skies shall roll away to the tune of Gabriel's trump. I don't believe there can come to a human being a more intoxicating revelation of beauty than that which fell upon me, straight from quiet, sombre things, when I walked for the first time in my life in American woods in autumn.

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II

THUS IT WAS that I fell to thinking again about beauty. It has long been my pleasure to note particularly bits of loveliness about the world, and to see how differently the peoples of the earth have expressed themselves in ways of unconscious beauty. I do not mean by that the great sights which tourists run to see. Seldom are the people of a country really to be found there.

I found France not in the Louvre, but in an old woman in a blue gown and white kerchief kneeling to beat clothes beside a tinkling stream. Such a patient, enduring, loyal figure, I thought: suddenly she lifted her head and bewitched me with the eternal spirit of humor and coquetry in laughing, restless eyes, forever young and vivid with life in a wrinkled old face.

The Swiss is not truly expressed in the majestic pageant of the Alps, white and remote against blue skies. I found him, painstaking and slow, in his frugal plot of ground, carefully nailing his pear tree against the wall and counting the clusters of grapes on a vine trained to run as little to leaves as possible. Everything about him was neat and compact, and in its way, pretty. I doubt he looked twice a year at the Jungfrau, towering eternal above his minute possessions.

Strange how I never thus think of the peoples of the earth without my thoughts leaving me and twisting about the world until they come to my adopted country, China!

How many folk have greeted me as they stepped from the first brief train journey from Shanghai, "Ah, China is not beautiful like Japan, is it!"

I smile, and bide my time. For I know the beauty of China.

Japan is exquisite. Not only in the lovely porcelains; the brilliant, graceful kimonos; the pattering, charming children. These are for every man to see. Not only in the tiny terraced fields climbing up the hillsides, the clean, fragile buildings, the microscopic fairyland of life as it appears to the casual eye.

The great beauty of Japan is in the spots that you and I, if we be mere passersby, never really glimpse.

It is the beauty which moves the veriest coolie, after a day of crushing labor, to throw aside his carrying pole, and after a bit of fish and rice, to dig and plant in his garden the size of a pocket handkerchief. There he works, absorbed, delighted; his whole being resting in the joy of creating beauty for himself and his family, who cluster about him to admire. No one is without a garden. If fate has denied a poor man a foot of ground, he buys a big plot for a penny and slowly, after hours of labor pleasant and painstaking, he constructs a miniature park, with a rockery, a wee summerhouse, a pool, with bits of moss for lawns and grass heads for trees and toy ferns tucked into crevices for shrubbery.

It is the quality of beauty, too, which moves a Japanese host to place in his guestroom each day for the delight of his guest one single exquisite note. From his precious store he selects today a watercolor, in black and white, of a bird clinging to a reed, painted with charming reserve. Tomorrow it will be a dull blue vase with one spray of snowy pear bloom arranged in such a way as to be a living invitation to meditation. Sometimes it is a piece of old tapestry, with a quaint procession of lantern bearers marching across its faded length.

I hear a deal of talk about Japan these days. There are those who begrudge them the possession of even quite ordinary human qualities. As for me, after hearing such tales, I reserve judgment until someone can reconcile these two qualities for me: utter depravity and the gentle love of all beauty which is to be found almost universally in rich and poor alike in Japan. Where there is such willingness to spend oneself for beauty, often without any thought of money value, must not a little truth be hid? If it be true at all that beauty is truth?

Now the dainty loveliness which is so apparent in Japan is certainly not to be seen spread about in China. I really cannot blame those friends of mine who at first glance proclaim her ugliness. Doubtless it has been the economic urge which has driven the poor to think first and last and always of their stomachs and the wherewithal to fill them completely. Certainly there is an appalling lack of beauty in the lives of the ordinary folk.

Said I to my coolie gardener one day as he was digging and delving upon my perennial flower border: "Now, wouldn't you like some of these flower seeds to plant in the plot in front of your house?"

He eyed me distrustfully and hoed vigor-

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ously. "Poor people have no use for flowers," he answered briefly. "These things are for the rich to play with."

"Yes, but it won't cost you anything," I persisted. "See, I will give you several kinds, and if the land is poor, you may take fertilizer from the compost heap, and I will give you the time to take care of them for the good of your soul."

He shook his head. He is a conservative creature. None of his ancestors had planted flowers for pleasure and he couldn't imagine himself at it. Besides, what would he do with the flowers when he had them?

He stooped to throw out a stone. "I'll plant cabbage," he said briefly.

The poorer Chinese does without doubt place a financial value on all his possessions. In one interior spot where I had lived for a time, I asked a farmer's wife how they spent or saved the money surplus of a good year's crops.

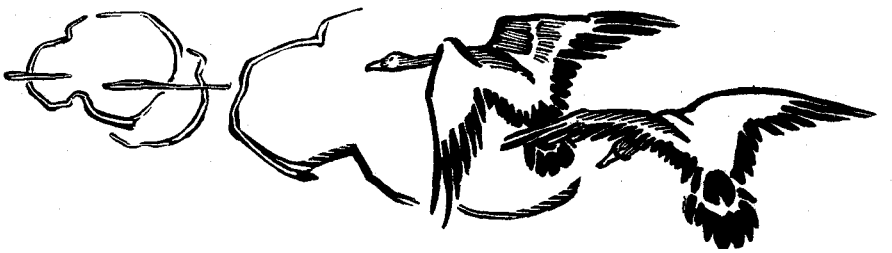
She smiled at the recollection. "We eat more!" she exclaimed, ecstatically.

In lieu of a trustworthy savings bank, they deposited their bit of reserve fund in the safest place possible in a land of banditry and transformed it into extra flesh. At least no one could rob them of that! And heaven knows their bones were the better for it.

In wandering through Chinese cities one is struck with their ugliness, — the lack of sanitation, the congestion, the foul streets, the filthy and diseased beggars showing their vile stock-in-trade and whining parasitically, the mangy dogs skulking about. A glance into the small shops and homes depresses one with the strictly utilitarian aspect of life. Bare tables, stools apparently designed for discomfort, boxes, beds, and rubbish, the primitive cooking apparatus, — all are crowded into an unbelievably small space, and the result is one of utter lack of repose or of any attempt after spiritual values to be expressed in beauty.

The other day I stood on a mountain top in Kiangsi. I looked over a hundred miles of lovely Chinese country. Streams glittered in the sunshine; the Yangtse wound its leisurely way along, a huge yellow roadway to the sea; clusters of trees cuddled cosily about little thatched villages; the rice fields were clear jade green and laid as neatly as patterns in a puzzle. It seemed a scene of peace and beauty.

Yet I knew my country well enough to know



that if I could have dropped into the midst of that fair land I should have found the streams polluted, the river's edge crowded with little wretched, mat-covered boats, the only homes of millions of miserable, underfed waterfolk. The villages under the trees would be crowded and filthy with flies and garbage rotting in the sun, and the ubiquitous yellow curs would have snarled at my coming. There, with all that sweet air free for all, the homes would be small and windowless and as dark within as caverns. The children would be dirty and unkempt, and their noses would be unspeakable, for they always are! Not a flower anywhere, not a single spot of beauty made by man to relieve the dreariness of life. Even the bits of ground in front of the cottages would be beaten into threshing floors, hard and glaring in the sunlight. Poverty? Partly, of course, but often laziness and ignorance, too.

Where then, is the beauty of China? Not on the surface of things, anyway. But I bide my time. For it is here.

Some of the rarest bits of beauty in the world I have found in this old country, so reserved, so indolent for centuries, so careless of what the world thinks of her.

For China does not express herself in show places. Even in Peking, that bourne of all tourists to the Far East, the things that one sees are not show places. The Forbidden City, the Temple of Heaven, the Llama Temple,— these and a host of the others were built up slowly out of the life of the people, for the people themselves, with no thought originally of tourist eyes and dollars. Indeed, for decades, no amount of money could purchase a glimpse of them.

The Chinese have naturally little idea of exhibition and advertising. Go into any one of

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the great silk shops in Hangchow and you will find a decorous, dark, quiet interior, with shelves and shelves of neat packages folded away, each with its price tag symmetrically arranged. There are no pedestals with gorgeous satins folded cunningly to catch the light and entice the buyer. Nothing, indeed, to tempt the unwilling to spend his money. But a clerk comes forward, and when you have made known your wishes, he selects carelessly half a dozen packages from the shelves and tears off the paper wrappers. Suddenly before your eyes bursts the splendor of stuffs whereof kings' robes are made. Brocaded satins and velvets, silks of marvellous brilliance and delicacy of shades are massed before you in a bewildering confusion. It is like a crowd of magnificently hued butterflies released from dull cocoons. You make your choice and the glory is all shut away again into the dark.

That is China.

III

HER BEAUTIES are those of old things, old places carefully fashioned with the loftiest thought and artistic endeavor of generations of aristocrats, and now like their owners, falling gently into decay.

Behind this high wall, which looms so gray and forbidding upon the street, one may step, if one has the proper key, into a gracious courtyard, paved with great square old tiles, worn away by the feet of a hundred centuries. There is a gnarled pine tree, a pool of goldfish, a carven stone seat whereon is seated a white-haired grandfather, dignified and calm as an old Buddha in his gown of cream-colored silk. In his pale, withered hand he holds a long pipe of polished black wood, tipped with silver. If you are his friend, he will rise with deep bows and escort you with a most perfect courtesy into the guest hall. There in a high chair of carved teak you may sip his famous tea and marvel at the old paintings hung in silken scrolls upon the walls, and meditate upon the handwrought beams of the ceiling, thirty feet above. Beauty, beauty everywhere, stately and reserved with age.

I mind me of a great dark guest hall in a temple, which faces out upon a tiny sunny courtyard, where a peony terrace is built up of faded gray brick. Here every spring the great pink shoots push up, and when I go there in May, the sunlight is pouring down upon the deeply tinted peonies, glowing in reds and dusky pinks, and in the center creamy ones with golden hearts. The terrace is cleverly placed so that the guests must needs look upon it from the dimness of the interior. What words could be spoken, what thought shaped in such a place, save those of purest beauty!

There are old paintings, old embroideries, potteries and porcelains and brasses, hidden away preciously by families who owned them before America was thought of; indeed, perhaps they are of an age with Pharaoh's treasures, — who knows?

It is one of the sad things of the present change in China that either poverty or careless, ignorant youth is learning the money value of things which are really too valuable for any sale; things which because of their sheer beauty are too great to belong to any individual and which should be reverently possessed by the nation. But their time of understanding is not yet.

Indeed, not the least of the crimes against China by foreign countries has been the despoiling by eager curio seekers and globe trotters and business firms of her stores of beauty. It has really been the robbing of the ignorant, for she has not known that what she thought to sell for thirty pieces of silver could not truly be sold at all.

Moreover, one shudders at the crude stage through which so many of the modern young Chinese seem to be passing. It is inevitable, of course, that in their distrust and repudiation of the past, they should apparently cast off the matchless art of old China and should rush out to buy and hang upon their walls many of the cheap vulgarities of the West. Indeed, to those of us who see the passing of much that was characteristic of the country we have loved it has become a poignant question; who is to preserve the ancient beauties of China? For instance, with all the degradation that has unquestionably followed in the wake of idolatry, must we, along with all the discard, lose the exquisite curves of temple architecture?

Yet I am at times comforted. There must come out of all those beauty-loving ancestors a few to whom the pursuit of beauty is a master passion, and who will pass it on to calmer times.

I went the other day to the studio of a famous modern Chinese artist. My heart sank

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lower and lower as I passed the copies of posters, of old-fashioned Gibson girls, of lurid suns setting into the vilely colored ocean, — dozens of perpetrations in oils. But away in one corner I found a little watercolor. It was only of a village street, misty blue in the sudden rain of a summer evening. Slanting lines of pale silver fell across it. Dim candle-light shone out of the windows of snug homes, and a lonely man's figure under a paper umbrella walked along, casting a wavering shadow over the glinting wet stones.

I turned to the artist, and said, "This is the best of all."

His face lighted.

"Do you think so? I, too. It is a picture of my village street as I have seen it many times. But," regretfully, "I painted it for pleasure. It will not sell."

What the average Chinese needs is an eye educated to see the beauty which lies waiting to be freed about him everywhere. When he once grasps the significance of beauty and realizes that it does not lie at all in the hideous lithograph for which he must pay the prohibitive price of forty cents; that it does not lie, solely, even, in the priceless possessions of the rich; but that it is in his dooryard, waiting to be released from careless filth and indolent untidiness, a new spirit will walk abroad in the land.

Anyway, I know that man cannot live by bread alone and that is what thousands of these folk have been trying to do here, submerged under unspeakably difficult economic conditions. To see the beauty in fresh air and natural loveliness, to know the joy of sunshine streaming on clear water and the graciousness of flowers, — these beauties free for all are what we need sorely.

The love of beauty waits to be born in the heart of every child, I think. Sometimes the hard exigencies of life kill it, and it is still forever. But sometimes it lives and grows strong in the silent, meditative soul of a man or a woman, who finds that it is not enough to live in a palace and to dine even with kings. Such know that after all they are eternally unsatisfied, until in some way they find beauty, where is hidden God.

"Confused Alarms"

March, 1925

The age is inarticulate and dumb;
The founts are dry, the stars withdraw their light;
And, in the dearth of all things that delight,
The nerves of music, thought, and song grow numb.
To our faint cries no answering voices come;
But in their stead, remote upon the night,
Shudders, that tremble from the Infinite,
Summoning the spirit like a muffled drum.
So, when a novice hears a symphony
And by the ocean of the sound is dazed,
Might one beside him, deeper skilled than he,
Seeing his vacancy of mind and ear,
Turn in his seat, and with a finger raised, —
'Be silent and the music will appear!'

John Jay Chapman

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What I Believe

by ALBERT EINSTEIN

October, 1930

STRANGE IS our situation here upon earth. Each of us comes for a short visit, not knowing why, yet sometimes seeming to divine a purpose.

From the standpoint of daily life, however, there is one thing we do know: that man is here for the sake of other men — above all for those upon whose smile and well-being our own happiness depends, and also for the countless unknown souls with whose fate we are connected by a bond of sympathy. Many times a day I realize how much my own outer and inner life is built upon the labors of my fellow men, both living and dead, and how earnestly I must exert myself in order to give in return as much as I have received. My peace of mind is often troubled by the depressing sense that I have borrowed too heavily from the work of other men.

I do not believe we can have any freedom at all in the philosophical sense, for we act not only under external compulsion but also by inner necessity. Schopenhauer's saying — "A man can surely do what he wills to do, but he cannot determine what he wills" — impressed itself upon me in youth and has always consoled me when I have witnessed or suffered life's hardships. This conviction is a perpetual breeder of tolerance, for it does not allow us to take ourselves or others too seriously; it makes rather for a sense of humor.

To ponder interminably over the reason for one's own existence or the meaning of life in general seems to me, from an objective point of view, to be sheer folly. And yet everyone holds certain ideals by which he guides his aspiration and his judgment. The ideals which have always shone before me and filled me with the joy of living are goodness, beauty, and truth. To make a goal of comfort and happiness has never appealed to me; a system of ethics built on this basis would be sufficient only for a herd of cattle.

Without the sense of collaborating with like-minded beings in the pursuit of the ever unattainable in art and scientific research, my life would have been empty. Ever since childhood I have scorned the commonplace limits so often set upon human ambition. Possessions, outward success, publicity, luxury — to me these have always been contemptible. I believe that a simple and unassuming manner of life is best for everyone, best both for the body and the mind.

My passionate interest in social justice and social responsibility has always stood in curious contrast to a marked lack of desire for direct association with men and women. I am a

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horse for single harness, not cut out for tandem or team work. I have never belonged wholeheartedly to country or state, to my circle of friends, or even to my own family. These ties have always been accompanied by a vague aloofness, and the wish to withdraw into myself increases with the years.

Such isolation is sometimes bitter, but I do not regret being cut off from the understanding and sympathy of other men. I lose something by it, to be sure, but I am compensated for it in being rendered independent of the customs, opinions, and prejudices of others, and am not tempted to rest my peace of mind upon such shifting foundations.

My political ideal is democracy. Everyone should be respected as an individual, but no one idolized. It is an irony of fate that I should have been showered with so much uncalled-for and unmerited admiration and esteem. Perhaps this adulation springs from the unfulfilled wish of the multitude to comprehend the few ideas which I, with my weak powers, have advanced.

Full well do I know that in order to attain any definite goal it is imperative that *one* person should do the thinking and commanding and carry most of the responsibility. But those who are led should not be driven, and they should be allowed to choose their leader. It seems to me that the distinctions separating the social classes are false; in the last analysis they rest on force. I am convinced that degeneracy follows every autocratic system of violence, for violence inevitably attracts moral inferiors. Time has proved that illustrious tyrants are succeeded by scoundrels.

For this reason I have always been passionately opposed to such régimes as exist in Russia and Italy today. The thing which has discredited the European forms of democracy is not the basic theory of democracy itself, which some say is at fault, but the instability of our political leadership, as well as the impersonal character of party alignments.

I believe that you in the United States have hit upon the right idea. You choose a President for a reasonable length of time and give him enough power to acquit himself properly of his responsibilities. In the German Government, on the other hand, I like the state's more extensive care of the individual when he is ill or unemployed. What is truly valuable in our bustle of life is not the nation, I should say, but the creative and impressionable individuality, the personality — he who produces the noble and sublime while the common herd remains dull in thought and insensible in feeling.

This subject brings me to that vilest offspring of the herd mind — the odious militia. The man who enjoys marching in line and file to the strains of music falls below my contempt; he received his great brain by mistake — the spinal cord would have been amply sufficient. This heroism at command, this senseless violence, this accursed bombast of patriotism — how intensely I despise them! War is low and despicable, and I had rather be smitten to shreds than participate in such doings.

Such a stain on humanity should be erased without delay. I think well enough of human nature to believe that it would have been wiped out long ago had not the common sense of nations been systematically corrupted through school and press for business and political reasons.

The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead; his eyes are closed. This insight into the mystery of life, coupled though it be with fear, has also given rise to religion. To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms — this knowledge, this feeling, is at the center of true religiousness. In this sense, and in this sense only, I

When this personal credo of Albert Einstein was published in* THE FORUM'S *series of "Living Philosophies," we wrote in "Toasts": "As early as 1913 Albert Einstein's preeminence as a physicist had become so evident that a special position was created for him in Berlin — director of the Kaiser-Wilhelm Physical Institute. . . . He was given a stipend sufficient to enable him to devote all his time to research without any restrictions. . . . Now the whole world recognizes him as, probably, its greatest thinker. . . ." Need we now comment on the irony of these words, when this mathematical and philosophical genius is not only no longer so recognized in his fatherland but has been forced into actual exile? America is honored that he has chosen her as a refuge in which to continue his work.

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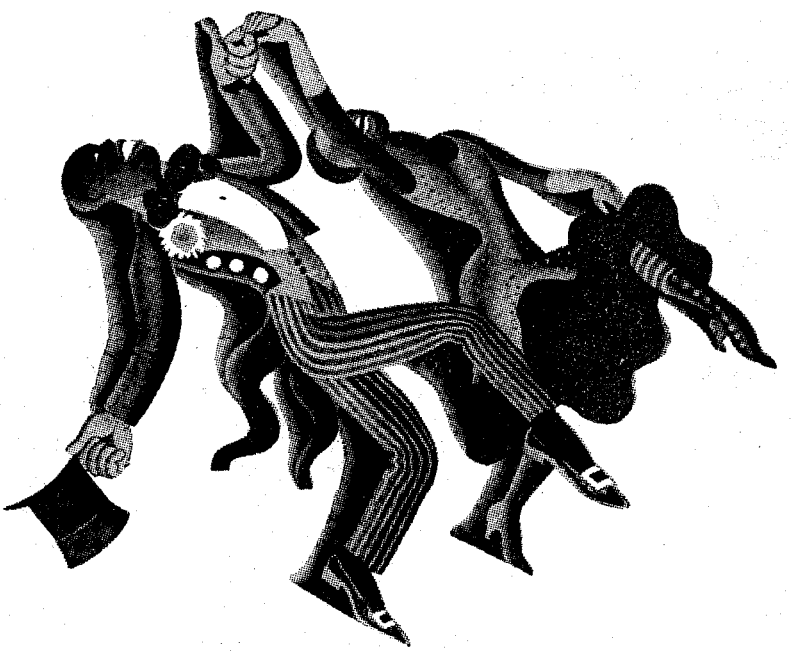
belong in the ranks of devoutly religious men.

I cannot imagine a God who rewards and punishes the objects of his creation, whose purposes are modeled after our own — a God, in short, who is but a reflection of human frailty. Neither can I believe that the individual survives the death of his body, although feeble souls harbor such thoughts through fear or ridiculous egotism. It is enough for me to contemplate the mystery of conscious life perpetuating itself through all eternity, to reflect upon the marvelous structure of the universe which we can dimly perceive, and to try humbly to comprehend an infinitesimal part of the intelligence manifested in nature.

Your Negroid and Indian BEHAVIOR



Cuts from Negro Drawings, *by Courtesy of Miguel Covarrubias and Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.*

by CARL G. JUNG

April, 1930

IT WOULD NEVER occur to the naïve European to regard the psychology of the average American as particularly complicated or sophisticated. On the contrary, he is rather impressed by the simplicity and straightforwardness of American thought and manners. He likes to think of Americans as being a very active, businesslike, and astonishingly efficient people, concentrated upon a single goal — the Yellow God — and a bit handicapped by what certain English magazines call "Americana" — something on the borderline of a mild insanity: "Colonial people are likely to be a bit odd, don't you know, like our South African cousins."

Thus, when I have something serious to say about Americans and their particular psychology, my European audience, while not exactly shocked, is at all events somewhat puzzled and inclined to disapprove. What Americans

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will think about my ideas remains to be seen.

In 1909 I paid my first short visit to the United States. This was my first impression of the American people as a whole; before that I had known individuals only. I remember walking through the streets of Buffalo and seeing hundreds of workmen leaving a factory. Being a naïve European, I could not help remarking to my American companion: "I really had no idea there was such an amazing amount of Indian blood in your people."

"What!" said he. "Indian blood? I bet there is not one drop of it in this whole crowd."

I replied: "But don't you see their faces? They are more Indian than European." Whereupon I was informed that most of these workmen were of Irish, Scotch, and German extraction. I was puzzled and half incredulous, but later I came to see how ridiculous my hypothesis had been. Nevertheless, my impression remained firm, and the years have only strengthened it.

When I returned from America, I carried away with me that peculiarly dissatisfied feeling of one who has somehow missed the point. I had to confess that I was unable to "size them up." I only knew that a subtle difference existed between the American and the European — a difference like that between the Australian and South African. It is not so much in the anatomical features as in the general behavior, both physical and mental. One finds it in the language, the gestures, the mentality, in the movements of the body, and in certain things even more nebulous than these. You can say many witty and clever things about that difference and still be unable to analyze it.

But another impression also stuck in my mind. I had not noticed it at first, but it kept coming back as things will when they possess a certain importance and yet have not been understood. I was once the guest of a stiff and solemn New England family whose respectability was almost terrifying. It felt almost like home, for there are very conservative and highly respectable folk in Switzerland too. But there were Negro servants waiting on the table, and they made me feel as if I were eating lunch in a circus. I found myself cautiously scrutinizing the dishes, looking for imprints of those black fingers. A solemnity brooded over the meal for which I could see no reason; but I suppose it was the solemnity of great virtue or something like that. At all events, nobody laughed. Everyone was just too nice and too polite.

At last I could stand it no longer, and for better or worse I began to crack jokes. Though these were greeted with condescending smiles, I could not arouse that hearty and generous American laugh which I love and admire. "Well," I thought, "Indian blood, wooden faces, camouflaged Mongols. Why not try some Chinese on them?" So I came to my last story — really a good one — and no sooner had I finished than right behind my chair an enormous avalanche of laughter broke loose. It was the Negro servant, and it was the real American laughter — that grand, unrestrained, unsophisticated laughter revealing rows of teeth, tongue, palate, everything.

I loved that African brother!

II

THE AMERICAN laugh is most impressive. Laughing is a very important emotional expression and one learns a lot about character through careful observation of the way people laugh. There are some folk who suffer from a crippled laughter. It is just painful to see them laugh, and the sound of that shrill, evil, compressed rattle almost makes you sick. America as a nation can laugh. This means a lot: it means that there is still childlikeness, a soundness of emotion, an immediate rapport with fellow beings.

This laughter goes hand in hand with a remarkable vivacity and great ease of expression. Americans are great talkers. Gossip even extends into monstrously big newspapers, so that the talking goes on even when you are reading. The style of "good" American writing is a talking style. When it is not too flat, it is just as refreshing and exhilarating to us Europeans as your laughter. But often alas, it is just chattering — the noise of the big ant heap.

One of the greatest advantages of the American language is its slang. I am far from sniffing at American slang; on the contrary, I like it profoundly. Slang means a language in the making, a thing fully alive. Its pictures are not worm-eaten metaphors, pale images hallowed by immemorial age, smooth, correct, and concise conventions; they are figures full of life, carrying all the stamina of their earthly origin

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and the incomparable flavor of a strange new current of a strange life in the flow of the old English language, and Englishmen often wonder where it comes from. Is it the new country only? I doubt it, and will shortly give my reason.

The way the American moves shows a strong tendency toward nonchalance. It is evident in the way he walks, how he wears his hat, how he holds his cigar, and how he speaks. Americans move with loose joints and swaying hips. This characteristic of primitive Negro women is frequently seen in American women, while the swinging gait of the men is fairly usual.

The most amazing feature of American life is its boundless publicity. Everybody has to meet everybody else, and they seem to enjoy doing it. To a Central European like myself the lack of distance between people, the absence of hedges and fences round the gardens, the belief in popularity, the gossip columns in the newspapers, the open doors in the houses (from the street one can look right through the sitting room and the adjoining bedroom into the backyard) — all this is more than disgusting; it is directly terrifying. You are immediately swallowed up by a hot and all-engulfing wave of emotional incontinence which knows no restraint. You see it in the eagerness and the hustling of everyday life, in all sorts of enthusiasms such as orgiastic sectarian outbursts, and in the violence of public admiration.

This overwhelming influence of collective emotions spreads into everything. It easily goes too far and leads people into situations which individual deliberation would hardly ever have chosen. It has a decidedly flattening influence upon American Psychology. You see this particularly in the sex problem as it has developed since the war. There is a marked tendency to promiscuity, which not only shows itself in the frequency of divorces, but more especially still in the younger generation's peculiar freedom from sex prejudices.

As an inevitable consequence the individual rapport between the sexes will suffer from it. Easy access never calls forth, and therefore never develops, the values of character, because it forestalls any deep mutual understanding. Such an understanding, without which no real love can exist, can only be reached by overcoming all the difficulties that arise from the psychological difference between the sexes. Promiscuity paralyzes all these efforts so that individual rapport seems quite superfluous. Thus, the more so-called unprejudiced freedom and easy promiscuity prevail, the more love becomes flat; it degenerates into transitory sex interludes.

All American life seems to be the life of the big settlement — real town life. Even the smallest community denies to itself the character of a village and tends to become a city. It seems as though everything were collective and standardized, for the town rules the whole style of living, even in the country. Once, on a visit to a so-called camp with so-called country life, a European friend who was traveling with me whispered: "I bet they even have a textbook on how to camp." And lo! — there it was, glistening in red and gold on the shelf.

III

I know the mother nations of North America pretty well, but if I relied solely on the theory of heredity, I should be completely at a loss to explain how the Americans descending from European stock have arrived at their striking peculiarities. One might suppose that some of these characteristics are survivals of the old pioneer attitude, but I fail to see any connection between the particular qualities I have mentioned and the character of the early farmer-colonists. There is, indeed, a much better hypothesis to explain the American temperament, and it lies in the fact that the United States are pervaded by that most striking and suggestive figure — the Negro. Some states are more than half black — a fact that may astonish the naïve European who thinks of America as a white nation. It is not wholly white, if you please; it is partly colored. It cannot be helped; it is so.

Now what is more contagious than to live side by side with a rather primitive people? Go to

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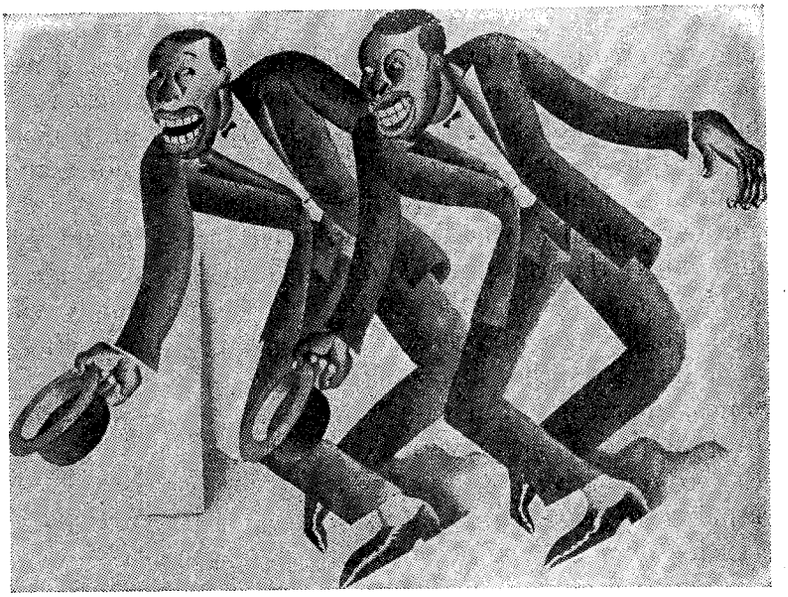

Africa and see what happens. When the effect is so very obvious that you stumble over it, then you call it "going black." But if it is not so obvious, then it is explained as "the sun." (In India it is always the sun.) In reality it is a partial going black, counterbalanced by a particularly stiff-necked conventionality (with its subdivisions of righteousness and conspicuous respectability). With such conventionality people simply dry up, though they may make the sun responsible for it.

It is much easier for us Europeans to be a trifle immoral, or at least a bit lax, because we do not have to hold the moral standard against the heavy downward pull of primitive life. The inferior man exercises a tremendous pull upon civilized beings who are forced to live with him, because he fascinates the inferior layers of our psyche, which has lived through untold ages of similar conditions. *On revient toujours à ses premiers amours*. To our subconscious mind contact with primitives recalls not only our childhood, but also our prehistory; and with the Germanic races this means a harking back of only about twelve hundred years. The barbarous man in us is still wonderfully strong and he easily yields to the lure of his youthful memories. Therefore he needs very definite defenses. The Latin peoples, being older, don't need to be so much on their guard; hence their attitude toward the Negro is different from that of the Nordics.

But the defenses of the Germanic man reach only as far as consciousness reaches. Below the threshold of consciousness the contagion meets little resistance. Since the Negro lives within your cities and even within your houses, he also lives within your skin, subconsciously. Naturally it works both ways. Just as every Jew has a Christ complex, so every Negro has a white complex, and every white American a Negro complex. The Negro, generally speaking, would give anything to change his skin; so, too, the white man hates to admit that he has been touched by the black.

What, then, about American laughter? What about the boundless, noisy sociality? The pleasure in movement and in stunts of all sorts? The loose-jointed walk, the Negroid dance and music? (Incidentally the rhythm of jazz is the same as the *n'goma* — the African dance. To an accompaniment of jazz music you can dance the *n'goma* perfectly, with all its jumping and rocking and its swinging of shoulders and hips. American music is most obviously pervaded by the African rhythm and the African melody.)

It would be difficult not to see that the Negro, with his primitive motility, his expressive emotionality, his childlike immediacy, his sense of music and rhythm, his funny and picturesque language, has infected American behavior. As every psychologist and every doctor knows, nothing is more contagious than tics, stammering, choreic movements, and signs of emotion — particularly laughing and peculiarities of speech. Even if you don't understand a joke in a foreign language, you can't help smiling when everybody else smiles. Stammering, too, can be of the most infectious quality, so that one can hardly refrain from imitating it involuntarily. Melody and rhythm are also most insinuating; they can obsess you for days. And as for language, it is always disturbing how its pronunciation and metaphors affect you; you begin with an apologetic quotation, "as they say," and soon you find yourself unconsciously adopting the new pronunciation or the new metaphor because you can't help it.

The white man is a terrific problem to the Negro, and whenever you affect somebody profoundly, then in a mysterious way something comes back from him to yourself. The

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Negro, by his mere presence in America, is a source of temperamental and mimetic infection which the European can't help noticing, for he sees the hopeless gap between the American and the African Negro.

Such racial infection is a very serious mental and moral problem wherever a primitive race outnumbers the white man. America has this problem only in a relative degree, since, throughout the country as a whole, the whites far outnumber the blacks. The whites, apparently, can assimilate the primitive influence with little risk to themselves. Still, even a casual visitor soon learns that there is such a thing as "the Negro question" in the States.

I am quite convinced, therefore, that some American peculiarities can be traced to the Negro directly, while others result from the compensatory defense against his laxity. But these things remain mere externals, leaving the inner quick of American character untouched — which would not be true if America represented a full-fledged example of "going black."

IV

Since I am not a behaviorist, I allow myself to suppose that you are still far off from the real man when you merely observe his behavior. I regard behavior as nothing more than a shell which conceals the really living substance within. Thus, under the slightly Negroid mannerisms of the American, I discern pretty clearly the essential white man within, and my question is: Is this American white man just a simple white, or is he in any way different from the European representatives of the species? I believe there is a marked difference between them within as well as without; and this brings us to the second part of my theory.

It may seem mysterious and unbelievable, yet it is a fact observable throughout history, that man can be assimilated by a country. In the air and soil of a country there is an *x* and a *y* which slowly permeate man and mold him to the type of the aboriginal inhabitant, even to the point of slightly remodeling his physical features. To state such an overwhelmingly obvious fact in terms of exact measurements is, I admit, extremely difficult. Yet there are many things that escape all our means of exact scientific verification despite their most obvious and indubitable character. For example, think of the subtleties of expression in eyes, gesture, and intonation. In practice everybody goes by them and no idiot could misunderstand them, yet to prepare an absolutely scientific description of them would be a most ticklish task.

Let us, then, accept the fact that there are these subtle indications in man. Sometimes they lurk in the lines of his face, sometimes in his gestures or the look of his eyes, and sometimes in his soul that shines forth through the transparent veil of his body. From such indications it is often possible to tell in what country a man has been born. I know quite a number of instances where children of purely European parents were born in exotic countries and exhibited the marks of their birthplaces, either in the imponderabilia of their appearance or in their mental make-up, or in both; and to such a degree that not only I myself, but other people who were entirely ignorant of the circumstances, could make the diagnosis. I remember particularly seeing in New York a family of German immigrants. Three of the children had been born in Germany and four in America. The first three were clearly Germans, while the others were unmistakable Americans.

Somehow a foreign country gets under the skin of those born in it. Certain very primitive tribes are convinced that it is not feasible to usurp foreign territory, because the children born there would inherit the wrong ancestor spirits dwelling in the trees, rocks, and water of the strange country. There seems to be a subtle truth in this primitive intuition. It would mean that the spirit of the Indian gets at the American within and without. Indeed, there is often an astonishing likeness between the cast of the American face and that of the red Indian — more, I think, in the men's faces than in the women's. But women are always the more conservative element, in spite of their conspicuous affectation of modernity. This is a paradox, certainly — one of the many paradoxes of human nature.

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The external assimilation of man to the peculiarities of a country is a thing one could almost expect. There is nothing astonishing in it. But the external influence is feeble in comparison with the less visible, but all the more intense, influence on the mind. It is probable that long before the body reacts, the mind has undergone considerable changes — changes that are not obvious to the individual himself or to his immediate circle, though they may be apparent to an outsider. Thus, I would not expect the average American, who has not lived for a couple of years in Europe, to realize how different his mental attitude is from the European's; nor would I expect the average European to discern his difference from the American. That is the reason why so many things that are really characteristic of a foreign country seem to be merely odd or ridiculous: the conditions from which they spring are either not known or not understood. They would not seem odd or ridiculous if one could feel the local atmosphere to which they belong, and which makes them perfectly comprehensible and logical.

Almost every great country has its collective attitude, which one might call its genius, or *spiritus loci*. Sometimes you can catch it in a formula; again it is more evasive; yet always it is indescribably present as a sort of air that permeates everything — the aspect of people, their speech, gestures, clothing, interests, ideals, politics, philosophy, art, and even religion. In a well-defined civilization with a solid historical background, such as French civilization, you can easily find the keynote of the national spirit. In France it is *la gloire*, which is a marked prestige psychology in its noblest as well as its most ridiculous forms. You notice it in the speech, gestures, convictions, in the style of everything, in politics and even in science.

In Germany it is the Idea, and it is impersonated by everybody. There are no ordinary human beings; you are either *Herr Professor* or *Herr Geheimrath*, *Herr Oberrechnungsrat*, and even longer things than that. Sometimes the German Idea is right, and sometimes it is wrong; but it never ceases to be an idea, whether it belongs to the highest philosophy or is merely a foolish bias.

England's innermost truth, and at the same time her most valuable contribution to the assets of the human family, is the Gentleman. Rescued from the dusty knighthood of the early Middle Ages, the code of the gentleman now reaches down into the smallest corner of modern English life. It is an ultimate principle, never failing in its convincing weight — at once the shining armor of the perfect knight in soul and body, and the miserable coffin of poor and natural feelings.

But can you "size up" other countries like Italy, Austria, Spain, Holland, Switzerland just as easily? They are all very characteristic countries, yet their spirit is more difficult to catch. You cannot seize it in one word; it requires at least a couple of sentences. America is also one of those countries whose heart cannot be pierced by one shot. European prejudice would say Money; but the only people who can think like that are those who have no idea what money means to Americans. Yes, if they themselves were Americans, it *would* be money; but America is not as simple as that.

Of course there is any amount of ordinary materialism in America, just as elsewhere; but there is also an admirable idealism which hardly finds its equal anywhere else. To us Europeans, money still carries with it something of the old taboo dating from the times when every business was dishonest without exception. That is why it is still good form with us to hush up money matters. The American, unhampered by the burden of historical conditions, can take and spend money for what it is worth. For this reason America is peculiarly free from the spell of money, although she makes a lot of it.

V

America, then, has a principle or ideal or attitude, but it is surely not money. Often, in searching through the conscious and the unconscious minds of my American patients and

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pupils, I have found something which I can only describe as a sort of heroic ideal. Your most idealistic effort is concerned in bringing out the best in every man. When you find a good man, you naturally support him and push him on, until at last he is liable to collapse from sheer exertion, success, and triumph. It is done in every family, where ambitious mothers lead boys on with the idea that they must be heroes of some sort. You find it in the factory, where the whole system is designed to get the best man into the best place. And again in the schools, where every child is trained to be brave, courageous, efficient, and "a good sport" — in short, a hero.

In America there is no record that people will not kill themselves to break. The moving pictures abound with heroes of every description. American applause holds the world's record. The "great" and "famous" man, no matter what he may be "great" in, gets drowned in enthusiastic crowds. In Germany you are great if your titles are two yards long; in England if you are a gentleman; in France if your prestige coincides with that of the country. In small countries, as a rule, there is no greatness alive because things need to be small; therefore greatness is usually posthumous. America is perhaps the only country where "greatness" is unrestricted, because this limitless concept of greatness expresses the most fundamental hopes and convictions of the nation.

To an American all this seems to be part of the nature of things. Not so, however, to a European. Many Europeans are infected with a feeling of inferiority when they come into contact with America and her heroic ideal. As a rule they don't admit it, so they boast of Europe all the louder and ridicule the many things in America which are open to criticism, such as her roughness, brutality, and primitivity. Often they get their first and decisive shock at the customs house, so that their appetite is ruined at the start. It is inevitable, of course, that the heroic attitude should be coupled with a sort of primitiveness; it always has been the ideal of a somewhat sporty and primitive society. And this is where the real historical spirit of the Red Man enters the game.

Look at your sports! They are the roughest, the most reckless, and the most efficient in the world. The idea of play has practically disappeared from them. Your sport demands a training that is almost cruel and an application that is almost inhuman. Your sportsmen are gladiators, every inch of them; and the excitement of the spectators derives from ancient instincts that are akin to bloodthirst.

Your students go through initiations and form secret societies like the best among barbarous tribes. In fact, secret societies of every description abound all over the country, from the Ku Klux Klan to the Knights of Columbus, and their rites are analogous to those of all primitive, mystery religions. America has resuscitated the ghosts of Spiritualism, of which she is the original home, and cures diseases by Christian Science, which has more to do with the shaman's mental healing than with any kind of science. Moreover, it is proving fairly effectual — as, indeed, were the shaman's cures.

And have you ever compared the skyline of New York or any other great American City with that of a pueblo like Taos? Have you noticed how the houses pile up in towers toward the center? Without conscious imitation America instinctively molds herself to the spectral outline of the Red Man's temperament.

There is nothing miraculous about it. It has always been so. The conqueror overcomes the old inhabitant in the body, and succumbs to his spirit. Rome at the zenith of her power contained within her walls all the mystery cults of the East, and the spirit of the humblest among them — a Jewish mystery society — transformed the greatest of all cities from top to bottom. The conqueror gets the wrong ancestor spirits, the primitives would say.

People rarely want to know what a thing is in itself; they want to know whether it is favorable or unfavorable, advisable or inadvisable — as if there were indubitably good or bad things. They are as we take them. Moreover, anything that moves is a risk. Thus a nation in the making is naturally a big risk — to itself as well as to other nations. It is surely not my task to play the role of a prophet or that of a ridiculous adviser of nations; for there is nothing to give advice about. Facts are neither favorable nor unfavorable. They are merely interesting. And the most interesting fact about America is that this childlike, impetuous, "naïve" people has probably the most complicated psychology of all nations.

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High Wind in Jamaica

A Short Story

***by* RICHARD HUGHES**

December, 1928

ONE OF THE fruits of emancipation in the West Indian islands is the number of ruins, either attached to the houses that remain or within a stone's throw of them: ruined slaves' quarters, ruined sugar-grinding houses, ruined boiling houses — often ruined mansions that were too expensive to maintain. Earthquake, fire, rain, and deadlier vegetation did their work quickly.

Truly typical of this melancholy decline was the estate of Ferndale in Jamaica. The "big house" had altogether collapsed and been smothered over; only the overseer's house remained. It consisted of a ground floor of stone, given over to goats and the children, and a first floor of wood — the inhabited part — reached from outside by a double flight of wooden steps. When the earthquakes came, the upper part only slid about a little and was jacked back into position with big levers. The roof was of shingles; after very dry weather it leaked like a sieve, and the first few days of the rainy season would be spent in a perpetual general-post of beds and other furniture to escape the drips, until the wood swelled.

The people who lived there at the time I have in mind were called Bas-Thornton; not natives of the Island, "Creoles," but a family from England. Mr. Bas-Thornton had a business of some kind in St. Anne's and used to ride there every day on a mule. He had such long legs that his stunted mount made him look rather ridiculous; and being quite as temperamental as a mule himself, a quarrel between the two was generally worth watching.

Close to the dwelling were the ruined grinding and boiling houses. These two are never quite cheek by jowl: the grinding house is set on higher ground, with a water wheel to turn the immense, vertical iron rollers. From these the cane juice runs down a wedge-shaped trough to the boiling house, where a Negro stands and rinses a little lime-wash into it with a grass brush to make it granulate. Then it is emptied into big copper vats, over furnaces burning fagots and "trash" or squeezed-out cane. There a few negroes stand, skimming the poppling vats with long-handled copper ladles, while their friends sit around, eating sugar or chewing trash, in a mist of hot vapor. What they skim off oozes across the floor with an admixture of a good deal of filth — insects, even rats, and whatever sticks to negroes' feet — into another basin, thence to be distilled into rum.

This, at any rate, is how it used to be done. I know nothing of modern methods — or if there are any — never having visited the island since 1860, which is a long time ago now.

But long before that even, all this was over at Ferndale. The big copper vats were overturned, and up in the grinding house the three great rollers lay about loose. No water reached it; the stream had gone about its own business elsewhere. The Bas-Thornton children used to crawl into the cut-well through the vent,

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among dead leaves and the wreck of the wheel. There, one day, they found a wild cat's nest, with the mother away. The kittens were tiny, and Emily tried to carry them home in her pinafore; but they bit and scratched so fiercely, right through her thin frock, that she was very glad — except for pride — that they all escaped but one. This one, Tom, grew up, though he was never really tamed. Later he begat several litters on an old tame cat they had, Kitty Cranbrook; and the only survivor of this progeny, Tabby, became rather a famous cat in his way. Soon after, Tom took to the jungle altogether, but Tabby was faithful, and a good swimmer. He would swim for pleasure, sculling around the bathing pool behind the children, giving an occasional yowl of excitement. Also, he had mortal sport with snakes: would wait for a rattler or a black snake as if it were a mere mouse, drop on it from a tree or somewhere, and fight it to death. Once he got bitten and they all wept bitterly, expecting to see a spectacular death agony; but he just went off into the bush and probably ate something, for he came back in a few days quite cock-a-hoop and as ready to eat snakes as ever.

Red-headed John's room was full of rats. He used to catch them in big gins and then let them go for Tabby to dispatch. Once the cat was so impatient he seized trap and all and caterwauled off into the night, banging it on the stones and sending up showers of sparks. Again he returned in a few days, very sleek and pleased; but John never saw his trap again.

Another plague of his were the bats, which also infested his room in hundreds. Mr. Bas-Thornton could crack a stockwhip, and used to kill a bat on the wing with it most neatly. But the din this made in that little box of a room at midnight was infernal — ear-splitting cracks, and the air already full of the tiny, penetrating squeaks of the vermin.

It was a kind of paradise for English children to come to, whatever it might be for their parents — especially at that time, when no one lived in at all a wild way at home. Here, one had to be a little ahead of the times; or decadent, whichever you like to call it. The difference between boys and girls, for instance, had to be left to look after itself. Long hair would have made the evening search for grass ticks and nits interminable. Emily and Rachel had their hair cut short, and were allowed to do everything the boys did — to climb trees, swim, and trap animals and birds. They even had two pockets in their frocks.

It was around the bathing pool their life centered, more than the house. Every year, when the rains were over, a dam was built across the stream, so that all through the dry season there was quite a large pool to swim in. There were trees all about — enormous, fluffed cotton trees, with coffee trees between their paws; and in contrast to the general shapeless enormousness of the vegetation, delicate log-wood, and gorgeous red and green peppers. Among them the pool was almost completely shaded.

The best fun at the bathing pool was had with a big forked log. John would sit astride the main stem, and the others pushed him about by the two prongs. The little ones — Rachel, Edward, and Laura — only splashed about the shallow end, but John and Emily dived. John, that is to say, dived properly, headforemost; Emily only jumped in feet first, stiff as a rod. But she, on the other hand, would go off higher boughs than he would. Once, when she was eight, Mrs. Thornton had thought she was too big to bathe naked any more. The only bathing dress she could rig was an old cotton night-gown. Emily jumped in as usual; first, the balloons of air tipped her upside down, and then the wet cotton wrapped itself around her head and arms and nearly drowned her. After that, decency was let go hang again; it is hardly worth being drowned for — at least, it does not at first sight appear to be.

But once a negro really was drowned in the pool. He had gorged himself full of stolen mangoes, and feeling guilty, thought he might as well cool himself in the forbidden pond as well and make one repentance cover two crimes. He could not swim, and had only a black child (Little Jim) with him. The cold water and the surfeit brought on an apoplexy. Jim poked at him with a piece of stick a little, and then ran away in a fright. Whether the man died of the apoplexy or the drowning was a point for an inquest; and the doctor, after staying at Ferndale for a week, decided it was from drowning, but that he was full of green mangoes right up to his mouth. The great advantage of this was that no negro would bathe there again, for fear the dead man's duppy, or ghost, would catch him. So if any black

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even came near while they were bathing, John and Emily would pretend the duppy had grabbed at them, and off he would go, terribly upset.

Only one of the negroes at Ferndale had ever actually seen a duppy, but that was quite enough. They cannot be mistaken for living people, because their heads are turned backwards on their shoulders, and they carry a chain. Moreover, one must never call them duppies to their faces, as it gives them power. This poor man forgot, and called out "Duppy!" when he saw it. He got terrible rheumatics.

Lame-foot Sam was the one who told most stories. He told them the Anansi stories — Anansi and the Tiger, and how Anansi looked after the Crocodile's nursery, and so on. Also he had a little poem which impressed them very much:

> Quacko Sam
> Him bery fine man:
> Him dance all de dances dat de darkies can:
> Him dance de schottische, him dance de Cod Reel:
> Him dance ebery kind of dance till him foot-bottom peel.

Perhaps that was how old Sam's own affliction first came about. He was very sociable. He was *said* to have a great many children.

Fruit and vegetables are now produced on the old pirate stronghold, Tortola Island.

II

THIS WAS, fairly typically, the life of an English family in Jamaica. Mostly these only stayed a few years. The Creoles — families who had been in the West Indies for more than one generation—gradually evolved something a little more distinctive. They lost some of the traditional mental mechanism of Europe, and the outlines of a new one began to appear.

There was one such family the Bas-Thorntons were acquainted with, who had a ramshackle estate to the eastward. They invited John and Emily to spend a couple of days with them; but Mrs. Thornton was in two minds about letting them go, lest they should learn bad ways. The children there were a wildish lot, and, in the morning at least, would often run about barefoot like negroes — which is a very im-

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portant point in a place like Jamaica where the whites have to keep up appearances. They had a governess whose blood was possibly not pure, and who used to beat the children ferociously with a hairbrush. However, the climate at the Fernandez's place was healthy, and also Mrs. Thornton thought it good for them to have some intercourse with other children outside their own family, however undesirable; and she let them go.

It was a long buggy ride. Both fat John and thin Emily were speechless and solemn with excitement; it was the first visit they had ever paid. Hour after hour the buggy labored over the uneven road. At last the lane to Exeter — the Fernandez place was reached. It was evening, the sun about to do his rapid tropical setting. He was unusually large and red, as if he threatened something peculiar. The lane, or drive, was gorgeous. For the first few hundred yards it was entirely hedged with "seaside grapes," clusters of fruit halfway between a gooseberry and a golden pippin, with here and there the red berries of coffee trees newly planted among the burnt stumps in a clearing, but already neglected. Then, a massive stone gateway in a sort of Colonial-Gothic style. This had to be circumvented, for no one had taken the trouble to heave open the heavy gates for years. There was no fence, nor ever had been, so the track simply passed it by.

And beyond the gate an avenue of magnificent cabbage-palms. No tree, not oldest beech nor chestnut, is more spectacular in an avenue. It rises a sheer hundred feet with no break in the line before the actual crown of plumes; and palm upon palm, palm upon palm, like a heavenly double row of pillars, leading on interminably, till even the huge house was dwarfed into a sort of ultimate mouse trap.

As they journeyed on between these palms, the sun went suddenly down. Darkness flooded up round them out of the ground, retorted to almost immediately by the moon. Presently, shimmering like a ghost, an old blind white donkey stood in their way. Curses did not move him. The driver had to climb down and push him aside. The air was full of the usual tropic din — mosquitoes humming, cicalas trilling, bullfrogs twanging like guitars. That din goes on all night and all day almost — is more insistent, more memorable than even the heat itself or the number of things that bite. In the valley beneath, the fireflies came to life; as if at a signal passed along, wave after wave of light swept down the gorge.

From a neighboring hill the cockatoos began their serenade, an orchestration of drunk men laughing against iron girders tossed at each other and sawn up with rusty hacksaws — a most awful noise. But Emily and John, so far as they noticed it at all, found it vaguely exhilarating. Through it could presently be distinguished another sound — a negro praying. They soon came near him. Where an orange tree, loaded with golden fruit, gleamed dark and bright in the moonlight, veiled in the pin-point scintillation of a thousand fireflies sat the old black saint among the branches, talking loudly, drunkenly, and confidentially with God.

Almost unexpectedly they came on the house, and were whisked straight off to bed. Emily omitted to wash, since there seemed such a hurry, but made up for it by spending an unusually long time over her prayers. She pressed her eyeballs devoutly with her fingers to make sparks appear, in spite of the slightly sick feeling it always induced; and then, already sound asleep, clambered, I suppose, into bed.

III

THE NEXT DAY the sun rose as he had set — large, round, and red. It was blindingly hot — foreboding. Emily, who woke early in a strange bed, stood at the window watching the negroes release the hens from the chicken houses, where they were shut up at night for fear of John-crows. As each bird hopped sleepily out, the black passed his hand over its stomach to see if it meditated an egg that day; if so, it was confined again or it would have gone off and laid in the bush. It was already as hot as an oven. Another black, with eschatological yells and tail-twistings and lassoings, was confining a cow in a kind of pillory, that it might have no opportunity of sitting down while being milked. The poor brute's hooves were aching with the heat, its miserable teacup of milk fevered in its udder. Even as she stood at the shady window, Emily felt as sweaty as if she had been running. The ground was fissured with drought.

Margaret Fernandez, whose room Emily was sharing, slipped out of bed silently and stood beside her, wrinkling the short nose in her pallid face.

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"Good morning," said Emily politely.

"Smells like an earthquake," said Margaret, and dressed. Emily remembered the awful story about the governess and the hairbrush. Certainly Margaret did not use one for its ordinary purpose, though she had long hair; so it must be true.

Margaret was ready long before Emily, and banged out of the room. Emily followed later, neat and nervous, to find no one. The house was empty. Presently she spied John under a tree, talking to a negro boy. By his offhand manner, Emily guessed he was telling *disproportionate* stories (not *lies*) about the importance of Ferndale compared with Exeter. She did not call to him, because the house was silent, and it was not her place, as guest, to alter anything; so she went out to him. Together they circumnavigated. They found a stable yard, and negroes preparing ponies, and the Fernandez children, barefoot even as Rumor had whispered. Emily caught her breath, shocked. Even at that moment a chicken, scuttling across the yard, trod on a scorpion and tumbled over stark dead as if shot. But it was not so much the danger which upset Emily as the unconventionality.

The market at San Juan, Porto Rico, is a study in sunlight and shadow.

"Come on," said Margaret; "it's much too hot to stay about here. We'll go down to Exeter Rocks."

The cavalcade mounted, Emily very conscious of her boots, buttoned respectably halfway up her calf. Somebody had food and calabashes of water. The ponies evidently knew the way. The sun was still red and large; the sky above cloudless, and like blue glaze poured over white-hot clay. But close to the ground a dirty gray haze hovered. As they followed the lane toward the sea, they came to a place where, yesterday, a fair-sized spring had bubbled up by the roadside. Now it was dry. But even as they passed, a kind of gout of water gushed forth; and then it was dry again, although gurgling inwardly to itself. But the children were hot, far too hot to speak to one another; they sat their ponies as loosely as possible, longing for the sea. Their pace grew slower and slower. It was no faster than a procession of snails that at last they reached the sea.

Exeter Rocks is a famous place. It is in a bay of the sea, almost a perfect semicircle, guarded by the encircling reef; shelving white sands to span the few feet from the

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water to the undercut turf; and then, almost at the mid point, a jutting-out shelf of rocks right into deep water — fathoms deep. And a narrow fissure in the rocks, leading the water into a small pool or miniature lagoon, right inside their bastion. There it was, safe from sharks or drowning, that the Fernandez children meant to soak themselves all day, like turtles in a crawl. The water of the bay was as smooth and immovable as basalt, yet clear as the finest gin, albeit the swell muttered a mile away on the reef. No sea breeze thought of stirring. No bird trespassed on the inert air.

For a while they had not energy to get into the water, but lay on their faces, looking down, down, down, at the sea fans and the sea feathers, the scarlet-plumed barnacles and corals, the black and yellow schoolmistress fish, the rainbow fish — all that forest of ideal Christmas trees which is a tropical sea bottom. Then they stood up, giddy and seeing black, and in a trice were floating suspended in water like drowned ones, only their noses above the surface, under the shadow of a rocky ledge.

An hour or so after noon they clustered together, puffy from the warm water, in the insufficient shade of a Panama Fern; ate such of the food they had brought as they had appetite for; and drank all the water, wishing for more. Then a very odd thing happened. For even as they sat there, they heard the most peculiar sound — a strange, rushing sound that passed overhead like a gale of wind. But not a breath of breeze stirred. *That* was the odd thing, followed by a sharp hissing and hurtling, like a flight of rockets or gigantic swans — very distant rocs, perhaps — on the wing. They all looked up. But there was nothing at all. The sky was empty and lucid. Long before they were back in the water again, all was still. Except that after a while John noticed a sort of tapping, as if someone were gently knocking the outside of a bath you were in. But the bath they were in had no outside; it was solid world. It was funny.

By sunset they were so weak from long immersion they could barely stand up, and as salted as bacon. But with some common impulse, just before the sun went down, they all left the rocks and went and stood by their clothes, where the ponies were tethered under some palms. As he sank, the sun grew even larger; and instead of red was now a sodden purple. Down he went, behind the western horn of the bay, which immediately blackened till its water line disappeared, and substance and reflection seemed one sharp symmetrical pattern.

Not a breath of breeze even yet ruffled the water; but momentarily it trembled of its own accord, shattering the reflections; then was glassy again. On that the children held their breath, waiting for it to happen.

A school of fish, terrified by some purely submarine event, thrust their heads right out of the water, scurrying across the bay in an arrowy rush, dashing up sparkling ripples with the tiny heave of their shoulders. Yet after each disturbance all was soon like hardest, dark, thick, glass.

Once things vibrated slightly, like a chair in a concert room; and again there was that mysterious winging, though there was nothing visible beneath the swollen, iridescent stars.

Then it came. The water of the bay began to ebb away, as if someone had pulled up the plug; a foot or so of sand and coral gleamed for a moment new to the air; then back the sea rushed in miniature rollers which splashed right up to the feet of the palms. Mouthfuls of turf were torn away, and on the far side of the bay a small piece of cliff tumbled into the water. Sand and twigs showered down, dew fell from the trees like diamonds. Birds and beasts, their tongues at last loosed, screamed and bellowed. The ponies, though quite unalarmed, lifted up their heads and yelled.

That was all — a few moments — then silence, with a rapid countermarch, recovered all his rebellious kingdom. Stillness again. The trees moved as little as the pillars of a ruin, each leaf laid sleekly in place. The bubbling foam subsided. The reflections of the stars came out among it as if there could never have been a disturbance, however slight. The naked children, too, continued to stand motionless beside the quiet ponies.

But it was too much for Emily. The earthquake went completely to her head. She began to dance, hopping laboriously from one foot to the other. John caught the infection. He turned head over heels on the damp sand, over and over in an elliptical course till before he knew it he was in the water, and so giddy that he was hardly able to tell up from down.

At that, Emily knew what it was she wanted to do. She scrambled onto a pony and galloped him up and down the beach, trying to bark like a dog. The Fernandez children stared, solemn but not disapproving. John, shaping a course for Cuba, was swimming as if sharks were paring his toe nails. Emily rode her pony into the sea, and beat and beat him till he swam; and she followed John toward the reef, yapping herself hoarse. It must have been fully a hundred yards before they were spent. Then they turned for the shore, John holding onto Emily's leg, puffing and gasping, both a little overdone, their emotion run down. Presently John gasped:

"You shouldn't ride on your bare skin, you'll catch ringworm."

"I don't care if I do," said Emily.

"You would if you did," said John.

"I don't care!" chanted Emily.

It seemed a long way to the shore. When they reached it, the others had dressed and were preparing to start. Soon the whole party was on its way home in the dark. Presently Margaret said:

"So that's that."

No one answered.

"I could smell it was an earthquake coming when I got up. Didn't I say so, Emily?"

"You and your smells!" said Jimmie Fernandez. "You're always smelling things!"

"She's awfully good at smells," said the youngest, Harry, proudly, to John. "She can sort out people's dirty clothes for the wash by smell — who they belong to."

"She can't really," said Jimmie: "She fakes it. As if everyone smelt different!"

"I can!"

"Dogs can, anyway," said John.

Emily said nothing. Of course people smelt different — it didn't need arguing. She could always tell her own towel from John's, for instance, or even know if one of the others had used it. But it just showed what sort of people Creoles were, to *talk* about smell in that open way.

"Well, anyhow, I said there was going to be an earthquake and there was one," said Margaret.

That was what Emily was waiting for! So it really had been an earthquake. (She had not liked to ask, it seemed so ignorant; but now Margaret had said in so many words that it was one.) If ever

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she went back to England, she could now say to people, "*I have been in an earthquake.*"

With that certainty, her soused excitement began to revive. For there was nothing — no adventure from the hands of God or man — to equal it. She realized that if she had suddenly found she could fly, it would not have seemed more miraculous to her. Heaven had played its last, most terrible card; and small Emily had survived, where even grown men (such as Korah, Dathan, and Abiram) had succumbed.

Life seemed suddenly a little empty, for never again could there happen to her anything so dangerous, so sublime.

Meanwhile, Margaret and Jimmie were still arguing.

"Well, there's one thing, there'll be plenty of eggs to-morrow," said Jimmie.

"There's nothing like an earthquake for making them lay."

How funny Creoles were! They didn't seem to realize the difference it made to a person's whole after-life to have been in an earthquake.

When they got home, Martha, the black housemaid, had hard things to say about the sublime cataclysm. She had dusted the drawing-room china only the day before, and now everything was covered again with a fine penetrating film of dust.

IV

THE NEXT MORNING, Sunday, they went home. Emily was still so saturated in earthquake as to be dumb. She ate earthquake and slept earthquake; her fingers and legs were earthquake. With John, it was ponies. The earthquake had been fun, but it was the ponies that mattered. But at present it did not worry Emily that she was alone in her sense of proportion. She was too completely possessed to be able to see anything, or realize that anyone else pretended to even a self-delusive fiction of existence.

Their mother met them at the door. She bubbled questions. John chattered ponies, but Emily was still tongue-tied. She was, in her mind, like a child who has eaten too much even to be able to be sick.

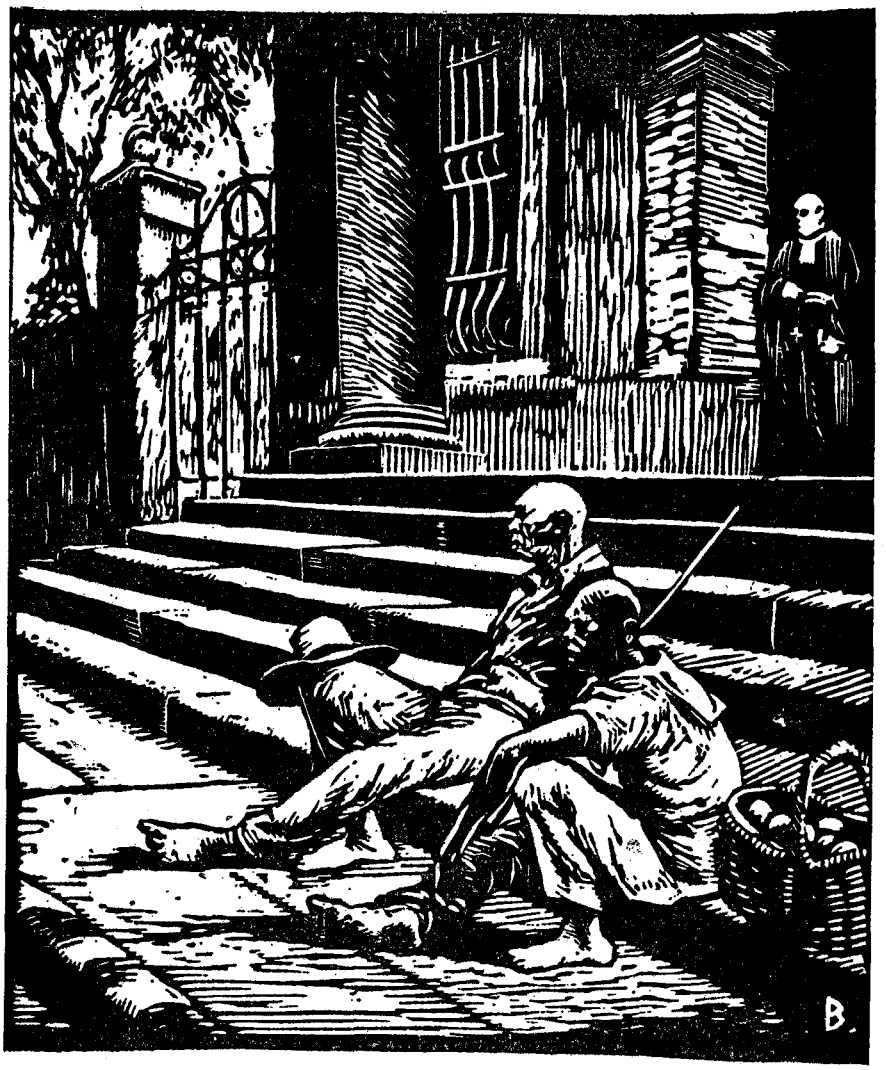
Mrs. Thornton became a little worried about her at times. This sort of life was very peaceful, and might be excellent for nervy children like John; but a child like Emily, thought Mrs. Thornton, who was far from nervy, really needed some sort of stimulus and excitement, or there was a danger of her mind's going to sleep altogether for ever. This life was too vegetable. Consequently Mrs. Thornton always spoke to Emily in her brightest manner, as if everything was of the greatest possible interest. She had hoped, too, that the visit to Exeter might liven her up; but she had come back as silent and expressionless as ever. It had evidently made no impression on her at all.

John marshaled the small ones in the cellar, and round and round they marched, wooden swords at the slope, singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Emily did not join them. What did it now matter, that earlier woe, that being a girl she could never when grown up become a real soldier with a real sword? She had been in an earthquake!

But even the others did not keep it up very long. (Sometimes they would go on for three or four hours.) For, whatever it might have done for Emily's soul, the earthquake had done little to clear the air. It was as hot as ever. In the animal world there seemed some strange commotion, as if they had wind of something. The usual lizards and mosquitoes were still absent; but in their place the earth's most horrid progeny, creatures of darkness, sought the open — land-crabs wandered about aimlessly, angrily twiddling their claws, and the ground seemed almost alive with red ants and cockroaches. Up on the roof the pigeons were gathered, talking to each other fearfully.

The cellar — or rather, ground floor, where they were playing — had no communication with the wooden structure above, but had an opening of its own under the twin flight of steps leading to the front door; and there the children presently gathered in the shadow. Out in the compound lay one of Mr. Thornton's best handkerchiefs. He must have dropped it that morning. But none of them felt the energy to go and retrieve it, out into the sun. Then, as they stood there, they saw Lame-foot Sam come limping across the yard. Seeing the prize, he was about to carry it off. Suddenly he remembered it was Sunday. He dropped it like a hot brick and began to cover it with sand, exactly where he had found it.

"Please God, I thieve you tomor-



The church steps offer just one more excuse to pospone getting back to work after the siesta.

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row," he explained hopefully. "Please God, you still there?"

A low mutter of thunder seemed to offer grudging assent.

"Thank you, Lord," said Sam, bowing to a low bank of cloud. He hobbled off; but then, not too sure, perhaps, that

The tired business man of St. Thomas refreshes himself at a roadside pop vender's stand.

Heaven would keep its promise, he changed his mind, snatched up the handkerchief, and made off for his cottage. The thunder muttered louder and more angrily; but Sam ignored the warning.

It was the custom, whenever Mr. Thornton had been to St. Anne's, for John and Emily to run out to meet him and ride back with him, one perched on each of his stirrups. That Sunday evening they ran out as soon as they saw him coming, in spite of the thunderstorm that by now was clattering over their very heads — and not only over their heads, either, for in the tropics a thunderstorm is not a remote affair up in the sky, as it is in England, but is all around you. Lightning plays ducks and drakes across the water, bounds from tree to tree, bounces about the ground, while the thunder seems to proceed from violent explosions in your own very core.

"Go back! Go back, you damned little fools!" he yelled furiously. "Get into the house!"

They stopped, aghast, and then began to realize that after all it was a storm of more than ordinary violence. They discovered that they were drenched to the skin — must have been the moment they left the house. The lightning kept up a continuous blaze, it was playing about their father's very stirrup-irons. And all of a sudden they realized that he was afraid. They fled to the house, shocked to the heart, and he was in the house almost as soon as they were. Mrs. Thornton rushed out:

"My dear, I'm so glad. . . ."

"I've never seen such a storm! Why on earth did you let the children come out?"

"I never dreamt they would be so silly! And all the time I was thinking — but thank Heaven you're back."

"I think the worst is over now."

Perhaps it was; but all through supper the lightning shone almost without flickering. And John and Emily could hardly eat; the memory of that momentary look on their father's face haunted them.

It was an unpleasant meal altogether. Mrs. Thornton had prepared for her husband his "favourite dish" — than which no action could more annoy a man of whim. In the middle of it all in burst Sam, ceremony dropped. He flung the handkerchief angrily on the table and stumped out.

"What on earth . . .?" began Mr. Thornton.

But John and Emily knew — and thoroughly agreed with Sam as to the cause of the storm. Stealing was bad enough anyway, but on a Sunday!

Meanwhile, the lightning kept up its play. The thunder made talking arduous, but no one was anyhow in a mood to chatter. Only thunder was heard, and the hammering of the rain. But suddenly, close under the windows, there burst out the most appalling inhuman shriek of terror.

"Tabby!" cried John, and they all rushed to the window.

But Tabby had already flashed into the house, and behind him was a whole club of wildcats in pursuit. John momentarily opened the dining-room door and puss slipped in, disheveled and panting. Not even then did the brutes desist. What insane fury led these jungle creatures to pursue him into the very house was unimaginable; but there they were, in the passage, caterwauling in concert. And as if at their incantation, the thunder awoke anew, and the lightning nullified the meager table lamp. It was such a din as you could not speak through. Tabby, his fur on end, pranced up and down the room, his eyes blazing, talking and sometimes exclaiming in a tone of voice the children had never heard him use before, and which made their blood run cold. He seemed like one inspired in the presence of Death, he had gone utterly Delphic, and without in the passage, hell's pandemonium reigned terrifically.

The check could be only a short one. Outside the dining-room door stood the

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big filter, and above the door the fanlight was long since broken. Something black and yelling flashed through the fanlight, landing clean in the middle of the supper table, scattering the forks and spoons and upsetting the lamp. And another and another — but already Tabby was through the window and streaking again for the bush. The whole dozen of those wild cats leapt one after the other from the top of the filter through the fanlight onto the supper table, and away from there only too hot in his tracks. In a moment the whole devil-hunt and its hopeless quarry had vanished into the night.

"Oh Tabby, my darling Tabby!" wailed John, while Emily rushed again to the window.

They were gone. The lightning behind the creepers in the jungle lit them up like giant cobwebs; but of Tabby and his pursuers there was nothing to be seen. John burst into tears, the first time for several years, and flung himself on his mother. Emily stood transfixed at the window, her eyes glued in horror on what she could not, in fact, see; and all of a sudden was sick.

"God, what an evening!" groaned Mr. Bas-Thornton, groping in the darkness for what might be left of their supper.

Shortly after that, Sam's hut burst into flames. From the dining-room, they saw the old negro stagger dramatically out into the darkness. He was throwing stones at the sky. In a lull they heard him cry: "I gib it back, didn't I? I gib de nasty t'ing back!"

Then there was another blinding flash, and Sam fell where he stood. Mr. Thornton pulled the children roughly back and said something like, "I'll go and see. Keep them from the window."

Then he closed and barred the shutters, and was gone.

John and the little ones kept up a continuous sobbing. Emily wished someone would light a lamp, she wanted to read; it might help her not to think about poor Tabby.

The wind must have begun to rise some while before this, but now, by the time Mr. Thornton had managed to carry old Sam's body into the house, it was more than a gale. The old man, stiff in the joints as he might have been in life, had gone as limp as a worm. Emily and John slipped unbeknownst into the passage, and were thrilled beyond measure at the way he dangled. They could hardly tear themselves away and be back in the dining-room before they should be discovered.

There Mrs. Thornton sat heroically in a chair, her brood all grouped about her, saying the psalms and the poems of Sir Walter Scott over by heart. Emily tried to keep her mind off Tabby by going over in her head all the details of her earthquake. At times the din, the rocketing of the thunder and torrential shriek of the wind, which up to now she had hardly noticed, became so loud as almost to impinge on her inner world; she wished this wretched thunderstorm would hurry up and get over. . . . First, she held an actual performance of the earthquake, went over it direct, as if it were again happening. Then she put it into *oratio recta*, told it as a story, beginning with that magic phrase, "Once I was in an earthquake." Before long the dramatic element reappeared — this time with the awed comments of her imaginary English audience. When that was done, she put it into the historical — a Voice, declaring that a girl called Emily was once in an earthquake. And so on, right through the whole thing a third time.

The horrible fate of Tabby appeared suddenly before her eyes, and she was all but sick again. Even her earthquake had failed her. As a swimmer who feels a twinge of cramp turns desperately toward the shore, so she began a violent struggle to recall her attention from her inward imagination and fix it on the outside world — to count the slats in the shutters, any least detail that was *outward*. Thus it was that for the first time she really began to notice the weather.

The wind by now was more than redoubled. The shutters were bulging as if tired elephants were leaning against them, and Father was trying to tie the fastening with that handkerchief. But to push against this wind was like pushing against rock. The handkerchief, shutters, everything burst. The rain poured in like the sea into a sinking ship. The wind occupied the room, snatching pictures from the wall, sweeping the table bare.

Through the gaping frames the lightning-lit scene without was visible. The creepers, which before had looked like cobwebs, now streamed up into the sky like new-combed hair. Bushes were lying flat, laid back on the ground as close as a rabbit lays back his ears. Branches were leaping about loose in the sky. The negro huts were clean gone, and the negroes crawling on their stomachs across the compound to gain the shelter of the house. The bouncing rain seemed to cover the ground with a white smoke, a sort of sea in which the blacks wallowed like porpoises. One nigger boy began to roll away. His mother, forgetting caution, rose to her feet; and immediately the fat old beldam was blown away, bowling along across fields and hedgerows like someone in a funny fairy story, till she fetched up against a wall and was pinned there, unable to move. But the others managed to reach the house, and soon could be heard in the cellar underneath.

Moreover, the very floor began to ripple as a loose carpet will ripple on a gusty day. In opening the cellar door the blacks had let the wind in, and now for some time they could not shut it again. The wind, to push against, was more like a solid block than a current of air.

Mr. Thornton went through the house — to see what could be done, he said. He soon realized that the next thing to go would be the roof. So he returned to the Niobe group in the dining room. Mrs. Thornton was halfway through *The Lady of the Lake*, the smaller children listening with rapt attention. Exasperated, he told them that they would probably not be alive in half an hour. No one seemed particularly interested in his news. Mrs. Thornton continued her recitation with faultless memory.

After another couple of cantos the threatened roof went. Fortunately, the wind taking it from inside, most of it was blown clear of the house; but one of the couples collapsed skew-eyed and was hung up on what was left of the dining-room door — within an ace of hitting John. Emily, to her intense resentment, suddenly felt cold. All at once she found she had had enough of the storm; it had become intolerable, instead of a welcome distraction.

Mr. Thornton began to look for something to break through the floor. If only he could make a hole in it, he might get his wife and children down into the cellar. Fortunately he did not have to look far. One arm of the fallen couple had already done the work for him. Laura, Rachel, Emily, Edward, and John, Mrs. Thornton, and finally Mr. Thornton himself, were passed down into the darkness already thronged with negroes and goats.

With great good sense, Mr. Thornton brought with him from the room above a couple of decanters of Madeira, and everyone had a swig, from Laura to the oldest negro. All the children made the most of this unholy chance, but somehow to Emily the bottle got passed twice, and each time she took a good pull. It was enough, at their age. While what was left of the house was blown away over their heads, through the lull and the ensuing ærial return match, John, Emily, Edward, Rachel, and Laura, blind drunk, slept in a heap on the cellar floor — a sleep which the appalling fate of Tabby, torn to pieces by those fiends almost under their very eyes, dominated with the easy empire of nightmare.

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach
President, Poetry Society of America

The Skater of Ghost Lake

November, 1925

Ghost Lake's a dark lake, a deep lake and cold;
Ice black as ebony, frostily scrolled;
Far in its shadows a faint sound whirrs;
Steep stand the sentineled deep, dark firs.

A brisk sound, a swift sound, a ring-tinkle-ring;
Flit-flit, — a shadow, with a stoop and a swing,
Flies from a shadow through the crackling cold.
Ghost Lake's a deep lake, a dark lake and old!

Leaning and leaning, with a stride and a stride,
Hands locked behind him, scarf blowing wide,
Jeremy Randall skates, skates late,
Star for a candle, moon for a mate.

Black is the clear glass now that he glides,
Crisp is the whisper of long lean strides,
Swift is his swaying, — but pricked ears hark.
None comes to Ghost Lake late after dark!

Cecily only, — yes, it is she!
Stealing to Ghost Lake, tree after tree,
Kneeling in snow by the still lake side,
Rising with feet winged gleaming to glide.

Dust of the ice swirls. Here is his hand.
Brilliant his eyes burn. Now, as was planned,
Arm across arm twined, laced to his side,
Out on the dark lake lightly they glide.

Dance of the dim moon, a rhythmical reel,
A swaying, a swift tune, — skurr of the steel;
Moon for a candle, maid for a mate,
Jeremy Randall skates, skates late.

Black as if lacquered the wide lake lies;
Breath is a frost-fume, eyes seek eyes;
Souls are a sword-edge tasting the cold.
Ghost Lake's a deep lake, a dark lake and old!

Far in the shadows hear faintly begin
Like a string pluck-plucked of a violin,
Muffled in mist on the lake's far bound,
Swifter and swifter, a low singing sound!

Far in the shadows and faint on the verge
Of blue cloudy moonlight, see it emerge,
Flit-flit, — a phantom, with a stoop and a swing . . .
Ah, it's a night bird, burdened of wing!

Pressed close to Jeremy, laced to his side,
Cecily Culver, dizzy you glide.
Jeremy Randall sweepingly veers
Out on the dark ice far from the piers.

"Jeremy!" "Sweetheart?" "What do you fear?"
"Nothing, my darling, — nothing is here!"
"Jeremy?" "Sweetheart?" "What do you flee?"
"Something — I know not; something I see!"

Swayed to a swift stride, brisker of pace,
Leaning and leaning they race and they race;
Ever that whirring, that crisp sound thin
Like a string pluck-plucked of a violin;
Ever that swifter and low singing sound
Sweeping behind them, winding them round;
Gasp of their breath now, that chill flakes fret;
Ice black as ebony, — blacker — like jet!

Ice shooting fangs forth — sudden — like spears;
Crackling of lightning, — a roar in their ears!
Shadowy a phantom swerves off from its prey . . .
No, it's a night bird flit-flits away!

Low-winging moth-owl, home to your sleep!
Ghost Lake's a still lake, a cold lake and deep.
Faint in its shadows a far sound whirrs.
Black stand the ranks of its sentinel firs.

William Rose Benét

Love Song

March, 1929

I

Had I concealed my love
And you so loved me longer,
Since all the wise reprove
Confession of that hunger
In any human creature,
It had not been my nature.

II

I could not so insult
The beauty of that spirit
Who like a thunderbolt
Has broken me, or near it;
To love I have been candid,
Honest, and open-handed.

III

Although I love you well
And shall forever love you,
I set that archangel
The depths of heaven above you;
And I shall lose you, keeping
His word, and no more weeping.

Elinor Wylie

Côte d'Azur

March, 1929

Westward the galleys moved, the long oars shone,
the slaves' chains clanked upon the cars;
And captains cloaked in gold stood at the prows
looking on Africa.

Between them and Phoenicia the sun smote the fragile air like a burning gong,
And past the golden beaches of the shore clouds, like bright mountains piled beyond the hills,
Glittered as imaginary lands, and birds streaked the blue sky with swift white cries.

And tall black men with wooden gods came down to see them pass,
Chanting for wonder by the warm magnificent Mediterranean.

The wind by day blew gold; by night the wind blew silver.

Charles Norman

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Life and Literature

(*Continued from page VII*)

great novelist. His story as narrative is almost invariably dull, his characters as human beings are insignificant, sometimes intolerably so. As puppets in a satire they are truly diverting, and their antics are memorable. As narrative, however, the story of Doremus Jessup's opposition to and persecution by a Fascist America is elementary: the hero himself develops not at all, develops no more than any incidental character in a satire.

What is *It Can't Happen Here* directed against? Ostensibly it is against Fascism but actually it is against the immaturity, standardization, impressionability of the American people — in other words, the "uniformity in mental and moral weakness" which Carrel has noted as characteristic of modern metropolitan populaces. To have written *It Can't Happen Here* with the brevity of *Candide* would have taken more genius or perhaps more literary training than to have written it in thirty-seven chapters and four hundred fifty pages. But if Sinclair Lewis could have achieved such compactness in one or two of his several books he would be surer of immortality than at present he seems to be.

YOUNG WANDERER

VINCENT SHEEAN'S book, *Personal History*, is an impressive autobiographic narrative of one person's (the author's) relation to living history. It is easy to see why it was a best seller; it is at once an estimate of the forces that are disrupting and reforming the world, the adventures of a young man on the contemporary scene in those countries where the most exciting events were happening. In addition, it is this young man's appraisal of his own country and his own people. He had to travel a great deal of the world to be brought to the conviction that Americans were as un-European as the Chinese or the Russians and that if a collectivist revolution took place in America it would not follow the technique of Marx, Engels, and Lenin.

The author of *Personal History* was from one point of view the usual American young man and at the same time an extraordinary young American. He left the University of Chicago in 1920 to take part in or examine events that gave headlines to the newspapers of the world for the next decade. What was going on in those decisive years he had exceptional opportunities to experience and exceptional powers to evaluate. He had an instinctive interest in history; he had early acquired some knowledge of languages, literature, and art; he had the desire to do the highest thing journalism can do, which I conceive is to understand and express the reality of the day; and he begins by trying to understand the events which were im-

Harrison Poetry

I HAVE BEEN A PILGRIM
by JAMIE SEXTON HOLME
Occasionally a poet arises whose work shows flashes of talent, passages of genuine brilliance, and yet whose technique is not really satisfying. It is almost impossible to find Mrs. Holme's Achilles' heel. Her second book, Floodmark, published in 1930, was a best-seller on the Henry Harrison list, establishing her among the leading lyric poets of the country. A few copies still remain; price $1.50. "Poems of a rare and luminous beauty," wrote Clifford Gessler in the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, "distinguished by truth, thought, insight and a steadfast attitude toward life." John McClure in the New Orleans Times-Picayune wrote: "Well moulded, intensely emotional and sincere, charged with imagination. She forces the traditional phrasing into strong emotional expression." **$1.50.**

EAST END, WEST END
by ANTOINETTE SCUDDER
The author, who is editor of Poetry World, and co-editor of The Spinners, has faithfully reproduced the atmosphere of a certain summer resort; the characters and incidents are entirely the work of her own imagination, says the author, and have no reference to any living person. The titles of these poems are inviting enough: Two Dollars a Night, Honeymoon, Road to a Man's Heart, The Lesbians, Phryne Up-to-date, Madonna of the Cats, The Witch's Grave, etc. Miss Scudder is the author of Out of Peony and Blade ($1.50) a book of poems which delightfully captures the oriental spirit of beauty. **$1.00.**

CABLES OF COBWEB
by FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN
Harriet Monroe: "Her music is in the major key of C, presenting happily the beauty of the earth, of life." Eunice Tietjens: "In her first book, I read certain poems, and I have never been able to forget them. Now she brings a more mature spirit, a surer lyric voice. Those who value the serene spirit, the clear beauty of nature, the lyric voice, will take pleasure in these poems." **$1.50.**

TRUMPET CALL
by GRACE FRENCH SMITH
The introduction by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney is sufficient commendation of this cry for a new world, this straight-from-the-shoulder dynamics in verse. Mrs. Smith's work is observant rather than cynical, and despite its strong outlook, never leaves the path of lyricism so essential to good poetry. **$1.50.**

FLAMINGO
by VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE
Mrs. Laramore, who is the Poet Laureate of Florida, is the winner of the $100 George Sterling Memorial Prize, the $100 Bishop prize for the best poem against capital punishment, and twice winner of the $50 Poetry Soc. prize for a one-act play in verse. **$1.50.**

THEY RISE ACCUSING
by CLYDE ROBERTSON
Portland Journal: "Graphic and pleasingly terse . . . haunting poignancy and starkly vivid." Los Angeles Record: "Versatile and sensitive poet . . . poems are lovely things built on a tried and true idea. Cool, clear and colorful." Hartford Times: "Simple tales musically told." Oakland Tribune: "Poems of which the author may be proud." **$1.50.**

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TRAVEL IN THE SOVIET UNION

Life and Literature

mediately before his time, events which had been *lived through* by the people of the generation before his.

"I fell upon the astounding tale of the past few years, the years through which I had lived sealed up behind the walls of the University: the years of the War, of the Russian Revolution, of the Treaty of Versailles. In talk with people who had actually been present at the Russian Revolution or at the making of the Versailles Treaty, these events, once as remote to me as if they had taken place five hundred years before and on another planet, came to have a meaning at least as immediate as that of my latest interview with the newest divorcee or murderess."

He attended the session of the League of Nations of 1923; he saw the beginning of the Fascist regime in Italy; he was in trouble in Madrid during Rivera's dictatorship; he was in the Riff at the time when Abd-el-Krim was beating European armies; he was in Persia for the coronation of Riza Shah; he was in China at the moment when Sun Yat-sen's revolution became a reaction: there he knew not only the Chinese politicians and military leaders, but the Russian commissar Borodin (at this time Vincent Sheean was only twenty-seven years old). He was in Moscow for the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Revolution, when Trotsky was at grips with Stalin; he was in Paris and London during times of great happenings; he was in Jerusalem when Arabs were attacking Zionists.

There are times when we imagine that the man whom the author most resembled was T. E. Lawrence. He is a man made up in the same way but of thinner material and lesser spirit, a journalist where Lawrence was a poet. The political world is too much with him; he is aware of intellectual trends, but only such as are entwined in the political conflict are of any real importance to him. The minds that are opening windows on a new world, Bergson, Croce, Freud, the neo-Thomist philosophers, he seems unaware of. He has nothing to say about writers using a new material or a new manner. It is all as if some adventurous young man of the period after the French Revolution got mixed up with the retreat from Moscow, watched the return from Elba, interviewed Czar Alexander, had a biting insight into Metternich and Castlereagh, but failed to notice that Fichte was doing his part in creating nationalism, that Hegel, lecturing to a few students, was sowing the seed of communism, Nazism, and Fascism, that Goethe and Schiller had already made German one of the great literatures of Europe, and that Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley were writing a new kind of poetry. He is partly unconscious of what is happening in the world around him, perhaps even of the greater part of what is happening, but he is very positive that this is not the best of all possible worlds; what he especially knows about it are those happenings that can be summarized in newspaper headlines. He is one of the uprooted, thoroughly agnostic about God, Freedom, and Immortality. The capitalism that he grew up under he dislikes; the communism that wants to destroy this capitalism he cannot entirely accept.

Last Stand of a Race

Taking all of them together, these three books, *Man the Unknown*, *It Can't Happen Here*, and *Personal History*, tells us a vast deal about what is wrong with the contemporary world and gives us many clews towards the creation of a better civilization. But not one of the three, in literary value, comes anywhere near Wolfe's *Of Time and the River*, already treated in these columns, or Werfel's *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*. Of the novels that owe their inspiration to the World War this latter seems to me to be the finest: it has the advantage of having compact action, one isolated from the immensity of the conflict on the long battle fronts. Seven Armenian villages threatened with massacre go up, with their cattle, sheep, and goats, on the mountain, to make a stand against a Turkish army. But the central action is not in the fighting; it is in something that has become more and more outstanding since the end of the war — the whole mystery of race and racial tradition. Only a man who has felt deeply the mystery, the tragic destiny of certain races could have given us this story of the Armenian people, could have so subtly conveyed not only their heroic persistence but those marks of a long oppressed people — distrust of each other, inability to keep a severe discipline. We recognize in Werfel's Armenians a people with a separate history, a different psychology, a different bodily appearance even, from any people we are familiar with in the West.

This book undoubtedly is by one of the small group of first-rate novelists of our time. Without being obviously modern in his technique, he is able to get the immediacy, the unity that the modern technique carries with it. His great achievement in *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* is that he puts before us a whole community, men, women, and children, priests, teachers, doctors, artisans, shepherds, soldiers, and he gives us a whole landscape — the historic mountain with its summits, streams, copses, gullies: we have a sense of a whole race living and dying secretly and desperately.

Quiet Laughter

Besides these books, all dealing with great social events, we have the

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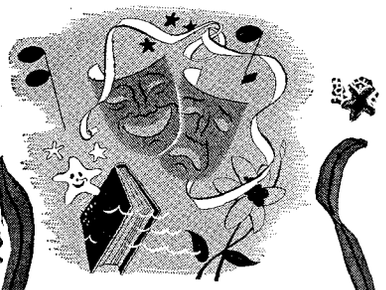

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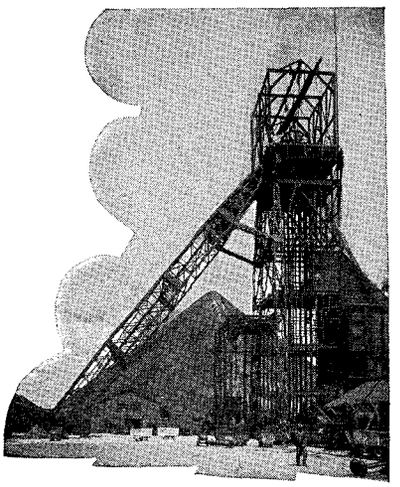
Life and Literature

reading public showing an enthusiastic approbation for simple, humorous, tender books dealing with the private lives of highly individualized people, books such as James Hilton's *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* and Clarence Day's *Life with Father*. The writers of both these books are modern Elias, reincarnated Charles Lambs. Their humor rises so naturally out of the ordinary that we are captured before we are aware that anything humorous is intended. *Life with Father* especially is so simply written, it deals with such familiar and uncomplicated happenings, that each of us says as he reads its pages, "Why didn't I write that myself?"

Clarence Day was, of course, a far more remarkable writer than is James Hilton, who, except for this one book, strikes us as an ordinary magazine writer. The author of *Life with Father* was a rare spirit, a gentle ironist, an affectionate satirist; where most satirists are urged by indignation, he was urged by affection. I doubt if he could have ever hated anything or anybody in the world. Most humor arises out of the sense of distance between the humorist and his butt; Clarence Day and James Hilton both identify themselves with the object of the joke; when laughing at Father or Mr. Chips, they seem to be laughing at themselves. In a harsh world, it is this absence of harshness and overbearingness that makes these books endearing.

Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *North to the Orient* combines the two types of writing that are so appealing at the moment — that, maybe, were always appealing — the world of adventure and the world where tenderness and humorous affection are paramount. She goes on a fairy-tale voyage and she is able to recount it without self-consciousness, with much humor, and with a sense that the small and intimate things are the memorable things of the world. It is very remarkable that her personality, so feminine, so immersed in woman's interests, is not obscured by the bigness and masculinity of her epochal adventure.

Mrs. Colum's article will appear next month in its usual place in the body of the magazine.



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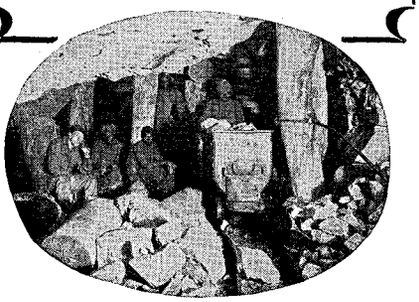

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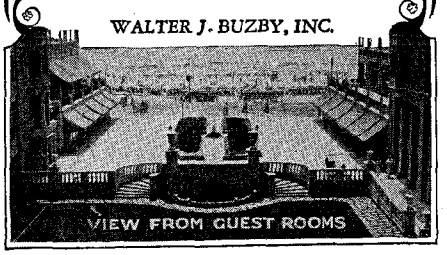
VIEW FROM GUEST ROOMS

OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Anniversary Greetings

To the Editor:

The Forum, I understand, will publish its golden anniversary number in March and on such a notable occasion I desire to extend hearty felicitations.

A journal such as yours performs a high service in the cause of free speech by maintaining a real forum in which both sides of all important questions can obtain friendly hearing. The Forum, under your editorship, has always set a high standard of articulate comment — a standard which I trust may be maintained with vigor as the magazine which is about to celebrate its golden anniversary takes its course through its second half century.

Franklin D. Roosevelt
The White House
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

I welcome the opportunity to congratulate The Forum on its fiftieth anniversary and to wish for it many more years of vigorous life. If the signs of the times mean anything at all, we shall have special need of the intelligence and fairness of publications like The Forum.

H. A. Wallace
Secretary
Department of Agriculture
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

The Forum is to be highly congratulated for the completion of fifty years of service in the publication of articles bearing on current questions throughout this period. I am glad to join with other readers of The Forum to express my sincere wishes for the continued success of this magazine.

Daniel C. Roper
Secretary of Commerce
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

I am glad to know that The Forum reaches a golden anniversary in its March number. It is, and has always been, a free forum and the importance of such a place for frank and fearless expression is of obvious importance to those who are interested in the preservation of free institutions. Please let me express my warm, best wishes for a long and influential career.

Newton D. Baker
Baker, Hostetler, Sidlo and Patterson
Cleveland, O.

To the Editor:

I have just received your letter of January 22nd and I hope I am not too late to congratulate The Forum on its birthday and to wish it a long and happy life. It has had a very useful and distinguished one and it seems to me that it was never more ably edited than it is today.

Walter Lippman
Anna Maria Island, Fla.

To the Editor:

I wish to congratulate you on guiding the destinies of The Forum now entering upon its second half century of public service. Since my own modest service at the Peace Conference I have lived much abroad and have witnessed at first hand the break-down of what I consider civilization, i.e., freedom of thought, speech, press and action over a large part of Europe. Not only there but in my own country I have realized the possibilities of a complete breakdown. In a scientific and machine age the spearhead of our advance is the advance of pure science itself, and that possibility is dependent on entire freedom of thought and expression. It is absurd to believe that thought can be repressed in the political and other spheres and yet flourish in the scientific one. The dictatorships of the twentieth century can live only on thought imported from the free countries. If thought is gradually stifled in them, free scientific thought breaks down in them, and so civilization of the modern type everywhere. The countries in which entire freedom of the press and speech still exist comprise an amazingly small part of the world. Even where they do still exist they are rudely threatened. Any magazine which still tries to exercise freedom, and to present all sides of a case, is thus doing inestimable service to the highest type of civilization. I wish you all success.

James Truslow Adams
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

May I congratulate you on the Golden Anniversary number of your valuable magazine. The Forum, for March, 1936.

It has been a fearless and efficient organ for causes essential to the people's welfare and for the lawful freedom which should be their treasured heritage during the critical years of the decades to come.

May its future be even more conspicuously serviceable in every way.

S. Parkes Cadman
Central Congregational Church
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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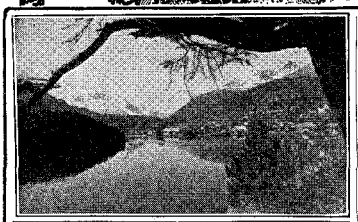

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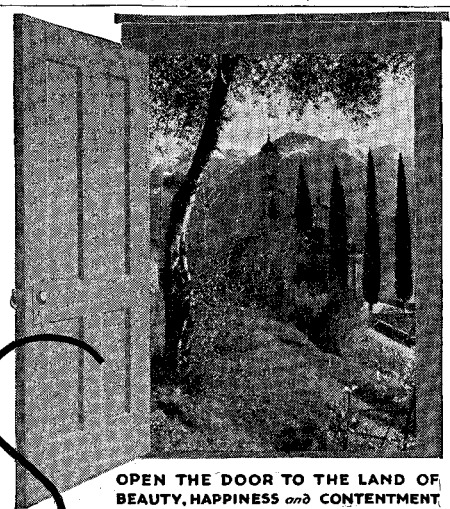

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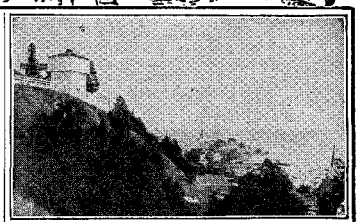

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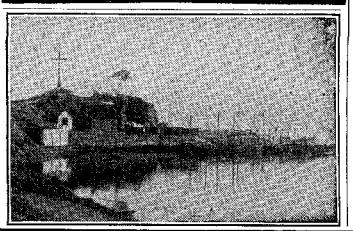

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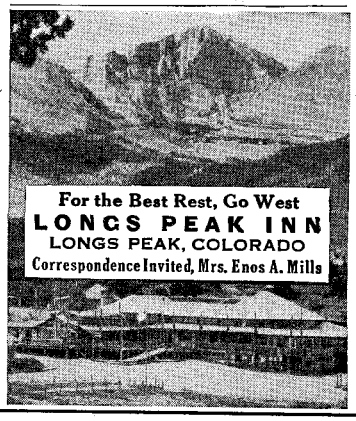

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The winning novel will be published serially in THE FORUM, and in book form by DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY. The editorial staffs of the magazines and the publishers shall act as judges. Their decision must be regarded as final and binding, and they shall retain the right to reject any or all of the manuscripts submitted.

The competition is open to any author who has not previously issued a book under the Red Badge imprint of DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY.

Manuscripts should be submitted as early as possible. The competition closes on July 31st, 1936. In all cases, manuscripts must be original, and written in the English language, and should be not less than 50,000 words in length.

Manuscripts must be accompanied by a signed agreement, accepting the rules of the competition. For copies of these forms, and further details concerning the contest, address either of the two publishers: DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, 449 Fourth Avenue, New York; or FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

Our Rostrum

To the Editor:

I was so interested to learn that THE FORUM will publish its golden anniversary number in March of this year and I want to send this little note of congratulation on what you have done. My very best wishes go to you for continued success.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
The White House
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

THE FORUM, dedicated to the open discussion of all public questions, deserves to be congratulated on its anniversary. It is illustrating and helping to preserve the principle of government by the use of intelligence, now assailed right and left by the advocates of sheer brute force. In defending the principle, we must rejoice in the work of THE FORUM.

CHARLES A. BEARD
New Milford, Conn.

To the Editor:

I was greatly interested to learn that the anniversary number of THE FORUM which you will print in March will mark fifty years of the service to the free expression of opinion to which THE FORUM is devoted.

It has always seemed to me that THE FORUM occupies a peculiarly vital and essential position in the publication field. Its hospitality to varying thought and differing opinion on matters that are of real public interest makes it in a genuine sense a guardian of free speech. I don't think it is enough to rely on guarantees or tradition. The right of free expression needs to be exercised to live. Your custom and policy cause you to travel the road that needs to be traveled constantly so that it will always be kept an open thoroughfare.

I hope to be able to continue for many years to read in THE FORUM facts which may challenge me and opinions and arguments with which I may disagree as well as those with which I may agree. I hope the experience will be good for me as I know it will be good for human liberty and advancement.

ELINOR F. MORGENTHAU
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

I am very happy indeed to congratulate you on your one-half century. I hope with all my heart that the first fifty years will be the hardest and that the decades before you will make the way easier for all who are trying to educate public opinion, to preach toleration and sound discussion of the great problems which more than ever throng about us. But whatever the future may have in store for you, whether concentration camps or exile, or intellectual servitude to a dictator, or the curtailment of freedom of speech and thought we have had in the past, it is a joy today to see THE FORUM hewing to the line when so many historic publications have gone the way of things human. May you, Dr. Leach, and all your staff carry on for many years to come!

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

It is gratifying to me as an American citizen to have such a magazine as THE FORUM live and flourish for fifty years. That it may continue to be a guiding light in our national life is the hope of its ardent friend,

E. M. HOUSE
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

This is just a line to offer my sincere congratulations upon the completion by THE FORUM of its first half century. I would also send my good wishes for the years to come. THE FORUM has occupied a distinct place of its own in the American magazine field and has abundantly deserved the wide public confidence and respect which it has won.

JAMES R. ANGELL
Office of the President
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

To the Editor:

It gives me pleasure to say at all appropriate times that I deeply appreciate the service THE FORUM is rendering by getting important issues out into public attention. By letting advocates of causes state their own positions the magazine reveals weakness more clearly than by denouncing it and strength more convincingly than by praising it. Your aim and your method are admirable.

FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL
Resident Bishop
The Methodist Episcopal Church
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

It is a pleasure to congratulate THE FORUM on its fiftieth anniversary. A journal which reflects your ideal of providing a free and open discussion of important questions of the day fills a definite place in the world. I wish you continued success and influence in the next half-century.

J. G. HARBORD
Office of the Chairman of the Board
Radio Corporation of America
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I think you are aware of the fact that I came from Washington to New York at the urgent invitation of Walter Hines

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Our Rostrum

Page to take the business management of THE FORUM, and was associated with him for at least a year and a half before starting in the advertising agency business.

In those days THE FORUM was the leading review of the United States, as it has been throughout the fifty years of its existence. May I wish you continued success.

FRANK PRESBREY
Office of the Chairman of the Board
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New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I have read THE FORUM ever since it was established fifty years ago. Its record is bound up with the progress of the United States, not an inconsiderable part of which it shaped. Never was the magazine so vital as it is today under your leadership. Character and personality are after all about the only important things in life, and these you have given to THE FORUM.

HAMILTON HOLT
President
Rollins College
Winter Park, Fla.

To the Editor:

Congratulations on the wisdom and courage with which THE FORUM under your editorship and that of your predecessors has served the cause of free and fair discussion for half a century. The forces of intolerance and of the suppression and perversion of truth are still active. The times call for continued vigilance and insistence on full and unfettered presentation of all aspects of the vital issues which should not be evaded.

GEORGE E. VINCENT
Greenwich, Conn.

THE STIMULATED MUSE

To the Editor:

This is too prosaic and factual to be a poem; it is just a

Jubilee Appreciation
by Gretta V. Bronson

For fifty years, THE FORUM! Rendezvous
Where eager minds meet other minds alert,
And weigh the pros and cons of world affairs;
Where problems current to their times and state,
Affecting every phase of human life —
Religion, politics and love and home,
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All things included in our span of life,
From birth control clear to the right to die,
Find same expert discussion on both sides;
There's nothing human alien to its scope.
All timely topics, most of lasting worth;
As proof, the *Reader's Digest*, last five years,
Has chosen one of FORUM's articles
Each month to be condensed for its own pith —
Mute tribute to the editors of each,
And silent witness to the worth of both.

Live on, then, FORUM! There's still need of place
For free debate, and full frank reasoning.
Minds grow in earnest clash with other minds,
And freedom of expression is the key
And cornerstone of true democracy.
Live on! Another fifty years will need
Constructive editorial policies
As those of Henry Goddard Leach have been,
Encouraging and praising where 'tis meet,
Impartially rebuking wrong where found,
If in the common run or place of power,
Suggesting paths that lead to saner life,
Creating world opinion toward such goals,
Bespeaking faith in common, good, true men
Amid the maelstrom of a madding world.
Continue, FORUM! Serve the coming age
As thou hast served the present and the past;
And we'll not fear too much the fate of those
Who follow after us while time shall last.

MORE TRIBUTES

To the Editor:

With the closing of the year, I wonder if you would permit one who has long respected your methods to say just one word of approval. I suppose in all some three score magazines come to my desk, covering, besides the usual run of reading material, a wide range of nearly all the sciences.

Despite my busy life in running a large business and in carrying on a large program of social-service work, I make time to read much. Looking back over a long period of years, I recall no editor who has, more than you (1st) shown the rare ability to anticipate coming events, (2nd) had the high moral courage to handle these fearlessly.

To one accustomed to analyze such matters, it seems to me you are almost unique — therefore this note of appreciation.

C. M. GOETHE
Sacramento, Calif.

To the Editor:

I am enclosing two years' renewal . . . for . . . one reason alone, and that is your policy of giving a hearing to all sides. . . .

OTTO B. JOHNSON
San Francisco, Calif.

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By
SINCLAIR LEWIS

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From the March
AMERICAN MERCURY

THREE YEARS OF DR. ROOSEVELT
by H. L. MENCKEN

"QUACKS are always friendly and ingratiating fellows, and not infrequently their antics are very amusing. The Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, LL.D., is typical of the species. There has never been a more amiable President, not even excepting the Martyr Harding, and there has never been a better showman, not even excepting Roosevelt I. He likes to have confident, merry people about him, and to turn the light of a Christian Science smile upon the snares and ambuscades of his job. So characteristic is this smile that when, after the Dred Schechter decision last May, he appeared at a press conference with a Mussolini frown, the Washington correspondents were so upset that they rushed out to spread the report that he had gone *mashuggah*.

But quackery, of course, also has its sober side, and the principles thereof may be traced back to the childhood of the human race. First, scare your patient into believing that the pain in his tummy is the beginning of cancer, and then sell him something to warm him while the *vis medicatrix naturae* does its immemorial work. If it be God's will that he should die, then no one will complain save his orphans and creditors; if it be God's will that he should get well, then he will sign a testimonial that you cured him. Here, obviously, we have the basic metaphysic of the New Deal. It began with a din of alarming blather about the collapse of capitalism, the ruin of the Republic, and the imminence of revolution, and it is ending with claims that the failure of these catastrophes to come off has been due to the medicaments of Dr. Roosevelt and his Brain Trust. In neither half of this imposture is there any truth whatsoever. . . ."

Here is the New Deal stripped clean of all its buncombe and all its brazen ballyhoo. The sight is frankly not a pretty one. This is a must article for every intelligent American.

Also in March:

ARE THE CAPITALISTS ASLEEP? . *Harold Lord Varney*
THE MAN-GOD OF JAPAN . . . . . *Sydney Greenbie*
SAD DEATH OF A HERO . . . . . *Paul Y. Anderson*
DEAD MAN . . . . . *James M. Cain*

Articles and reviews by Ford Madox Ford, Struthers Burt, Albert Jay Nock, James Stevens, Ernest Boyd, George Santayana, William Rose Benét, Lawrence Dennis, John W. Thomason, Jr.

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TOASTS

ANDREW CARNEGIE was born in Dunfermline, Scotland, in 1835. Immigrating to America in 1848, he worked in a cotton mill, then as a telegrapher. From a responsible position with the Pennsylvania Railroad, he entered the steel business. Mr. Carnegie died in 1919.

MARK TWAIN (Samuel Langhorne Clemens) was born at Florida, Missouri, in 1835, but his fame as an author did not begin until about 1870. He died in 1910.

PIERRE LOTI was born at Rochefort, France, in 1850. Most of his novels, of which the most famous is *Pêcheur d'Islande*, are a combination of romance and autobiography. He died in 1923.

WOODROW WILSON was born at Staunton, Virginia, in 1856. A president of Princeton University and Governor of New Jersey, he was President of the United States from 1913 to 1921. Defeated in his efforts to persuade his country to join the League of Nations, which he had fathered, he died in 1924.

ANATOLE FRANCE (Jacques Anatole Thibaut) was born at Paris in 1844. A pungent novelist and skeptic philosopher, he dominated French literature for thirty years, and was revered as a patriarch when he died in 1924.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was born in New York City in 1858. Famous as leader of the Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War, he was elected Governor of New York in 1898 and then Vice-President of the United States. He succeeded to the presidency when McKinley was assassinated in 1901, was re-elected to a second term but was defeated by Wilson, after a four-year retirement, when he ran independently in 1912.

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN is a world-famous paleontologist, at present honorary president of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York City.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN was born at Salem, Illinois, in 1860. He failed twice as a presidential nominee, on the free-silver platform, but was leader of the Democratic Party for thirty years and one of the most brilliant orators the country ever produced. He died in 1925, immediately after the Scopes trial was concluded.

FRANCIS BYRNE HACKETT is an Irish journalist whose most famous biography is *Henry the Eighth*.

PEARL BUCK, whose fame began with her novel *The Good Earth*, is perhaps our best-known portrayer of Chinese scenes and characters.

ALBERT EINSTEIN is the man who made relativity famous, and vice versa.

GARL G. JUNG, a Swiss psychologist, was a disciple of Freud but became head of the chief rival school of psychoanalysis.

RICHARD HUGHES is a British playwright and novelist.

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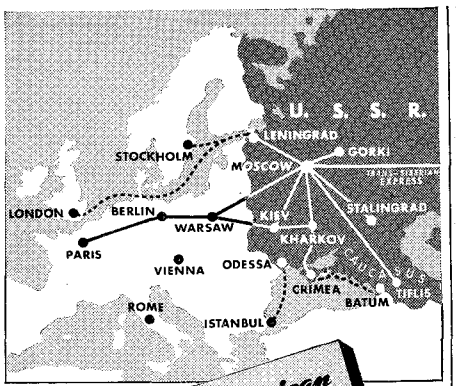

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SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA'S father was a colonel in the Spanish army, but he is a crusader for the cause of peace. Since 1921 he has played a prominent role as an official of the League of Nations. He has also served as Spanish Ambassador to the United States.

THEDA KENYON is the author of three books — a novel, a book about witchcraft, and a book of long poems.

WILL IRWIN has for years been one of America's best-known journalists and authors. He was a correspondent during the War and also a member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. He is President of the Authors' Guild and the Authors' League of America.

GERALD P. NYE, Senator from North Dakota and prominent member of the liberal Republican group from the farm States, has distinguished himself during the past year by his conduct of the Senate munitions inquiry and his sponsorship of the neutrality bill.

SUTHERLAND DENLINGER is a feature writer for the New York *World-Telegram*. He served with the French army during the World War and has also aided refugees in Bulgaria, worked in the oil fields, and done something or other in Hollywood.

WILLIAM GREEN was born, and still lives in Coshocton, Ohio. A labor-union official since 1900, he has been President of the A. F. of L. since 1924.

JOHN L. LEWIS has been President of the United Mine Workers of America since 1920, but his name has become familiar to the public at large only with the recent sharpening of the issue between the industrial unionism he champions and the craft unionism of the American Federation.

MARY M. COLUM is teaching this winter at the University of Miami, Coral Gables, Florida.

ETHAN COLTON is a European observer of many years' experience. He is the author of *Four Patterns of Revolution.*

HERMAN F. STRONGIN is a practicing physician and surgeon in New York City. He has published numerous scientific articles and is a member of the American Medical Editors' and Authors' Association.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN is devoting his life at present to the cause of Zionism and the relief of persecuted Jewish minorities. But, he writes, if the necessity for this work ever abates, he hopes to complete several new novels he has planned.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, since his retirement as owner and Editor of *The Nation*, has been writing and lecturing in various parts of the country, still a militant champion of the cause of liberalism.

SINCLAIR LEWIS' last book (recently rumored banned as a movie) was *It Can't Happen Here.*

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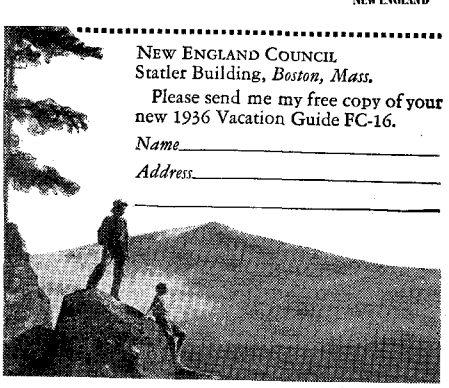

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GUIDEPOSTS TO PROSPERITY

C. M. Chester

When times are good, the advocates of unusual or extreme economic policies shriek to empty seats. When they are bad, every crackpot finds a horde of followers. We are slowly emerging from some very bad times, and the public in general is just beginning to turn from those wonderful doctors who promised miraculous cures in the direction of the very industrial leaders who were so reviled and discredited not long ago. If America is going to be conservative for a while, here are a few principles she must build on.

SADISM IN THE COMICS

John K. Ryan

Dr. Ryan believes that, harmless as the average comic strip may appear, its underlying implications are not to be taken so lightly. He scores the sadism, bestiality, eroticism, and ugliness that fill the "funny papers." These, he asserts, are more than a sign of the infantilism of the American mind: they are also a cause of that arrested development.

THE ENGLISH THINK IN CHINESE

Lin Yutang

The course of human history, Mr. Yutang has concluded, is not guided by human reason. Witness, he says, the British, who have built an empire and dominated a world through their genius for doing the utterly right thing for the utterly wrong reason. Mr. Yutang is a Chinaman who has lived in Western countries for a long time, and he claims the English think in the same manner as the Chinese: both have a profound distrust of logic.

THE CIVIL SERVICE

Luther C. Steward

When the United States Civil Service was founded it was hailed as the agency for the eventual termination of the spoils system and the foundation of an era of more efficient democracy. Until the advent of the present administration, its history was a partial justification of those hopes. But the wholesale multiplication of federal jobs filled through political patronage since 1933 has threatened seriously the entire civil-service structure. Mr. Steward thinks it is time to halt this trend.

HALFWAY TO INFINITY

Peter van Dresser

Those who scoff at individuals who dream of rocket flights into space should stop to remember that once men who talked of flying in machines were scoffed at too. The dreams of rocket flight are only dreams, it is true, but the fundamental principles behind them are sound. Mr. van Dresser discusses these principles in informal fashion and explains the questions which remain for experimentation.

OTHER FEATURES

Mary M. Colum's regular article on current literature; the third of Oswald Garrison Villard's "Pillars of Government" — on Representative Maverick; "Regimenting the Cow," by Guy G. Stevens; "Nationalism in Art," by Thomas Craven; "The State of My Mind," in which Fannie Hurst tells where she would like to live; "Random Hints for Poets," by Robert Hillyer; a short story by Peter Fleming.

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WE IN CAPTIVITY, by Kathleen Pawle (Dodd Mead, $2.50). Miss Pawle, in telling the story of that tragic Easter week in Ireland in 1916, when the resurrected spirit of the Fenians produced only the "wistful wraith of a still-born flag," has given us an analysis of young nationalism, of blood lust and the sickening misery of civil war which makes the book significant above and beyond the rather worn-out question of Irish politics. Her theme is a universal one: adventurous youth against the adverse forces of established power, fighting with only dreams for weapons. The book has a gripping power of sincerity. It is full of tingling color, scenes of sharp drama, and, above all, that feeling for the power of words which makes style.

FATHER STRUCK IT RICH, by Evalyn Walsh McLean, with Boyden Sparkes (Little, Brown, $3.50). In the closing chapter of this autobiography Mrs. McLean says: "I suppose that many have read this with envy, some with amazement, others with anger, that money, so powerful in this world, so desperately necessitous in their own households at times, should be given beyond all need into such hands. . . . Unless you have been put to the test, don't be too sure that you would have made a better mark than I have. He jests at scars who never felt a wound." Critical faculty is thus disarmed, and one is constrained to accept the story of Evalyn Walsh in the spirit in which it is offered. Living in Washington during one of its most interesting periods, she has related her personal experiences with native shrewdness and wit. Her observations on the Harding regime are curious and amusing to those who did not enjoy the dubious honor of being within that almost incredible clique of statesmen and bandits.

ONCE WE HAD A CHILD, by Hans Fallada (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). The grandfather of Johannes Gantschow erected this sign: "This is Malte Gantschow's house. Nothing bought — nothing sold. No visitors received." The North German moorland, surrounded by the sight and the sound of the sea, bred a race of men wild and sullen and independent. Their women were expected to cook, mind the chickens, stick pigs, and sleep with the master. That was all. Grey skies, endless winter driving men to madness or coarse laughter. Johannes Gantschow, farmer, and the Countess Christiane are the central figures in a drama of their love and the barriers erected by Johannes himself. Fallada swings his quiet prose into tragedy, slow-moving as the soil but gathering in intensity as the well-knit plot moves to its conclusion.

THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE, by James G. Harbord (Little, Brown, $5.00). Major General Harbord's vivid, vigorous history begins with a swift survey of Wilson's foreign policy and the events leading up to our declaration of war and closes with the last of the American troops home from Europe. It is studded with shrewd sketches of personalities and incidents, firmly and incisively written, with frequent flashes of dry wit, and it will appeal to all readers of serious biography and history, as well as the specialist, to whom it is indispensable.

THE HOUSE IN PARIS, by Elizabeth Bowen (Knopf, $2.00). Miss Bowen lives in and communicates with an intensity close to that of poetry, the beauties of the physical world and the beauties and abysses of the moral world, where in certain dangerous spots an unguarded voice may start a landslide. Her new book is about two children who, crossing Paris, meet by chance in a house where catastrophe was precipitated. One is a well-behaved little English girl; the boy is a child of wrath, the nexus of the whole story, the victim and the instrument of vengeance. The novel's special virtue is Miss Bowen's mature control of her material, which makes it the most satisfying she has yet written. Her characteristic subtlety is directed at every point to the illumination of her problem; her irony is smoothly woven in with pity, not as the sudden appearance of a roughness, that check and tease the reader's sympathy; even the shifts of viewpoint are subdued to a unity of feeling that appears supremely natural. The people appear and disappear in perfect balance and yet are vigorously alive.

WHY KEEP THEM ALIVE? by Paul De Kruif (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00). Mr. De Kruif is indignant and, unfortunately, he splutters. If he did not, his book would be, in one way, more nearly intolerable than it is, for the facts on which he bases his dramatizations are unbearable to the humane imagination. The fact is that many children are suffering and even dying from the slow starvation that comes from an insufficient diet and that the death rate is increasing from such poverty-fostered diseases as tuberculosis, pneumonia, and the rheumatic heart. Shifting

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The Book Parade

his emphasis in this book from the miracles of medicine to the miseries of those who cannot afford it, Mr. De Kruif hopes to goad someone into doing something.

THE THINKING REED, by Rebecca West (Viking, $2.50). There is a small band of people (found in the great capitals of the world and more particularly on the Côte d'Azur), despondent souls tortured by their dedication to the difficult vows of wealth, unchastity, and disobedience to all standards. Miss West seems to have them very much on her mind. Nevertheless, this is not just another novel of sex and futility. Rebecca West is an artist to be reckoned with in all seriousness. She demands concentrated reading. The story of Isabel and Marc and their protest against the ugliness and tawdry wastefulness of the lives of the playful rich among whom they move illustrates the author's belief that only those die in death whose lives reveal no love, no real work, no purpose.

FOG AND MEN ON BERING SEA, by Max Miller (Dutton, $3.00). The author of *I Cover the Waterfront* turns his reportorial eye upon Uncle Sam's northernmost possession. He visited upper Alaska aboard the Coast Guard cutter *Northland* during the ship's annual patrol of the Bering Sea. The ennui in his narrative may have been inherent in the circumstances of the trip. The Aleutian Islands and the mainland districts bordering the Bering Sea are a treeless, fog-shrouded waste and but thinly peopled. In their unlikeness they are as remote from majestically beautiful southeastern Alaska as Maine is from Florida. Shortly after he has first glimpsed the northern territory Mr. Miller concluded that, "Insanity, a solution to so many things, would also be an easy way out up here." Mr. Miller has embossed his day-to-day account of endless cribbage games and tooth extractions with an occasional limerick and choicer bits of the sailor's lingo.

NO VILLAIN NEED BE, by Vardis Fisher (Caxton; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). In the last of the tetralogy, the embittered idealist, Vridar, finds internal harmony and a philosophy of life through the attempt to strip himself and those about him of all the clogging heritage of outworn shams and prejudices. The effect is marred by confused thinking and distortion. In a novel one expects something resembling characters and something resembling situations. Vridar we know only from the neck up. The others are merely walls against which he can bounce his balls, or complexes on two legs. "What is wrong with me? Is it paranoia or is it dementia praecox? Paresis or anorexia? Algolagnia or claustrophobia?" It is very hard to care.

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The New Deal Mentality

by H. L. MENCKEN

in the May issue of The American Mercury

This exciting article will be as widely read and quoted as "Three Years of Dr. Roosevelt" which created a sensation throughout the country and exhausted two editions of the March *American Mercury* within a week of issue.

IN THE APRIL ISSUE

If the New Dealers Win	by FRANK R. KENT
The Roosevelt Myth	by ASHMUN BROWN
Prison Camps of Liberty	by WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLIN
Bush Brigades and Blackamoors	by LAURENCE STALLINGS
Who Will Pay the Bill?	by ALBERT JAY NOCK
Youth Faces the Sex Problem	by CONSTANCE CASSADY
The Middle West Rules America	by DUNCAN AIKMAN

Watch for further articles about the present rulers of the Republic: James A. Farley, Rexford G. Tugwell, Harold L. Ickes, Felix Frankfurter, Henry A. Wallace, and company.

Contributors in forthcoming issues will include: Laurence Stallings, George Santayana, Albert Jay Nock, Mark Sullivan, David Lawrence, Ford Madox Ford, Edwin W. Kemmerer, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Edgar Lee Masters, Robert Frost, Nicholas Roosevelt, Hilaire Belloc, Bertrand Russell, Arthur Machen, St. John Ervine, James A. Beck, Hugh Walpole, Lawrence Dennis, and many others.

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$2,500 A YEAR, by Mordecai Ezekiel (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). The three equations on which the economic adviser to the Secretary of Agriculture bases his theorem for prosperity are as follows: first, that our entire national production in our peak year, 1929, would have, if shared equally, given every worker the equivalent of only $136 a month; second, that the minimum requirement for comfortable living at the price scales of the same year is about $2,500 a year; third, that our present resources of materials, means of production, and labor could in the course of a few years, if gradually raised to full capacity, provide every worker with that amount without affecting any of the luxuries which the more fortunate now enjoy. Mr. Ezekiel's mechanism is a voluntary co-ordination of industrial activities by a system of yearly contracts for increased production by quotas agreed upon by elected representatives of management and labor in each industry, with government as arbiter and guarantor, balanced by an interindustry authority so that public ability to consume will keep pace with production. Mr. Ezekiel skips lightly over prejudices, politics, and the will to power, which do, however, heave up their ugly heads into the purest air of logic.

FREEDOM, FAREWELL!, by Phyllis Bentley (Macmillan, $2.50). Beginning with the youth of Julius Caesar and ending with the reign of Octavius, Miss Bentley has drawn the pieces of Roman history together in a sober, intelligent narrative. The Rome of Caesar and the world today are not so far apart. The same confusion in men's minds, conservatism clinging to custom — others seeking, and not knowing what they seek. The rise of dictatorship — Generals returning in triumph from their conquests — filibustering in the senate — rioting at the polls, and those who read of a world no longer classic and remote will find the temper of the times disturbingly like our own.

SWEDEN: THE MIDDLE WAY, by Marquis W. Childs (Yale University Press, $2.50). This book is probably the season's most useful publication. While we in the States preach co-operation as a substitute for cutthroat individualism the Swedes have said little and done much to reorganize business in the interests of the consumer, that is, for the good of the people as a whole. The Swedish system is not based on communism or capitalism or any *ism* other than common sense. Whenever the Government seems better fitted to run a particular industry than are private concerns, the Swedish people think nothing of letting the state go into business. Mr. Childs rightly gives most prominence to the consumer co-operatives. Through these societies the Swedish

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The Book Parade

consumer buys what he wants instead of what the Joneses say is popular. When the consumers find that an article should be made cheaper, they set up their own factory. Yet, despite these yardsticks of state projects and co-operative mills, private capital manages to lead a very healthy life.

CITY FOR CONQUEST, by Aben Kandel (Covici Friede, $2.50). This book should be read in New York; for preference, it should be read on the subway or in a taxi. That Aben Kandel has lived long and wakefully in New York; that he has felt the city with all his senses and has searched in his mind for the images to express those sensations; that he loves the town and fears it, grows drunk on it and suffers the inevitable hangover, forsakes it forever and soon returns, is evident from the first page. But Mr. Kandel is a better reporter than he is a novelist. His plot is self-conscious and overwrought; his characters suffer from excessive neatness. They spring, it is true, from the streets but they walk under a literary spotlight which robs them of much of their plausibility. It takes courage and skill, however, to paint the portrait of a modern city, and the artist in this case has caught a remarkable likeness.

THE RAINBOW, by Donald R. Richberg (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The National Recovery Administration existed for just under two years. Mr. Richberg's analysis of the problems involved and the difficulties encountered in this attempt at national industrial planning has the weight of his experience through all the thick of the struggle. It is detailed, conscientious, temperate, and makes every effort to be just. One sometimes prays that the author had been given a sense of humor, but he does present balanced summaries of the issues in the seven classes of irreconcilable conflicts which the NRA was called upon to solve and whose unenforceability, Mr. Richberg believes, combined with the popular demand for enforcement, killed it.

IN THE SECOND YEAR, by Storm Jameson, (Macmillan, $2.50). In this imaginary story of England under Fascist rule, Storm Jameson has written a fascinating and ominous novel. But, notwithstanding the force of her premises and their brilliant presentation, Miss Jameson's principal protagonists possess one grave defect — they are not English. One has the feeling throughout that a gang of outlanders has simply moved in and taken possession, reducing the few remaining English among those of the ruling class to helpless automata. However, these premises once accepted, the story becomes an absorbing one.

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LEO WOLMAN

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